HONK!

- CAROL LAY
- J.R. WILLIAMS
- PHIL ELLIOTT
- EDDIE CAMPBELL
- DAVID MILLER
- LLOYD DANGLE
- GOTLIB
- JIM SIERGEY
- and MUCH MORE!

No. 5 ☐ $2.75 ($3.75/Canada)
Recommended for mature readers

BILL GRIFFITH

Pinned down on Zippy, the upcoming movie, and success

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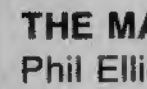
COMICS

MARSHAL McLUHAN
Jim Siergey and Tom Roberts — 2

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD FOR STILL LIFE
Carol Lay — 3


David Miller — 7

THE BAD BOYS
J.R. Williams — 10

NUNS
John Callahan — 12

A MAN OF PEACE
William Clark — 16

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE
Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell — 17

URINE OF THE DAMNED
Lloyd Dangle — 22

POSSIBLY MY WORST 'LIVING SITUATION'
Lloyd Dangle — 23

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS
Gotlib — 36

THE MAMMY
Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell — 38

THE BUNNY AND THE DINOSAUR
Gary Fields — 48

FEATURES

MEMO FROM ME
Your editor — 1

BILL GRIFFITH
The creator of Zippy discusses his struggle to get where he is today, by Joe Sacco — 24

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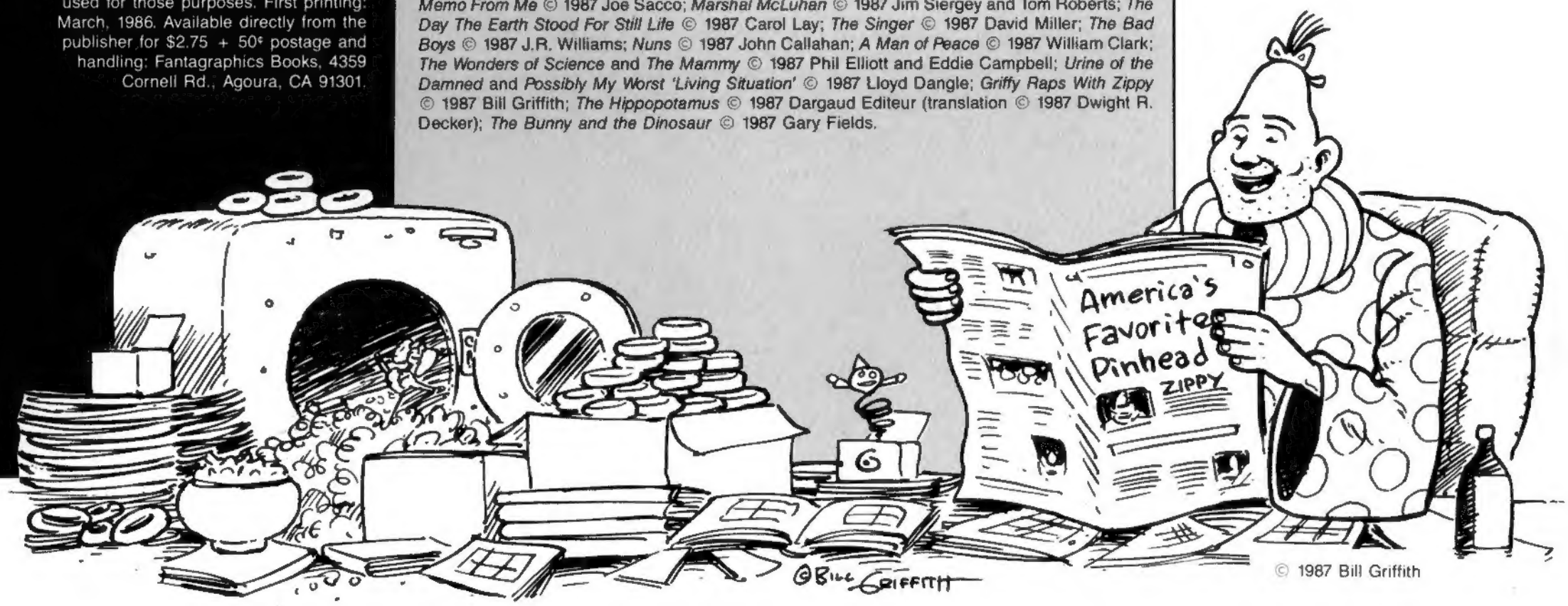
READERS:
***HONK!* HAS BITTEN THE DUST! LONG LIVE *CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY*, FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS' NEW, IMPROVED HUMOR ANTHOLOGY, AVAILABLE IN JUNE. WATCH FOR IT!**

(*HONK!* SUBSCRIBERS, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FORGOTTEN! YOUR SUB WILL CARRY OVER INTO *CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY*.)



© 1987 Bill Griffith

MEMO FROM ME. . .

One day we woke up and we all hated the name *Honk!*

"What sort of a name is that for a *humor* magazine?" we asked each other. "It's not a magazine about mucus, is it?"

So we gave Meeting. There were plenty of charts and donuts at Meeting, and lots of talk about pass-along readership, point of purchase, focus groups, direct mail—things that, you know, a naive, exploitable consumer like yourself knows very little about.

"All right," I said, bringing down the gavel squarely on my thumb, "anyone have any ideas about a new name for. . .er. . .you know?"

Stan raised his hand. "The chair recognizes Stan," I said, and I did, too, even though he was cleverly disguised as Zoroaster, the 6th century B. C. Persian prophet.

"How about if we call it ***The*** *National Lampoon,*" he offered.

We frowned. "What?" someone said.

"Whoops," said someone else, spilling coffee.

"Well, there'll be an explanatory subtitle," Stan pointed out with executive conviction. "Something like: Not To Be Confused with *National Lampoon*."

"Out the window, Stan," I said.

'B-but. . .it's 30 floors!"

"Out the window, Stan."

Stan was a good man. A good, company man. I didn't have to tell him a third time.

"Anyone else have any ideas?" I asked.

"How about," Gerry volunteered between giggles, "how about *A Very Funny Humor Publication That Is Going To Make You Fall On The Floor And Start Laughing*?"

"That's certainly descriptive," I chuckled, pointing to the window, "Anyone else?"

The room echoed with silence for several minutes. You could have heard a pin, etc., etc. Then:

"How about *Centrifugal Bumble-Puppy*?" someone said.

"What?" I exclaimed, rising to my feet. "Who spoke?"

"I did," that same someone said, stepping forward. It was Aldous Huxley, English novelist and critic, grandson of the great evolutionist, Thomas Henry Huxley, whose other biographical information can be looked up at your local library.

"I-I," I-I s-stuttered. "I-I thought you were dead!"

"Of course I'm dead," he reassured me. "English novelists and critics don't just show up at high-powered board meetings 23 years after being deceased without being dead. In any case," he said, "would you all turn to page 35 of your copies of *Brave New World,* if you please?"

And so we did.

The Director and his students stood for a short time watching a game of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy, Huxley read. *Twenty children were grouped in a circle round a chrome-steel tower. A ball thrown up so as to land on the platform at the top of the tower rolled down into the interior, fell on a rapidly revolving disk, was hurled through one or other of numerous apertures pierced in the cylindrical casing, and had to be caught.*

'Strange,' mused the Director, as they turned away, 'strange to think that even in Our Ford's day most games were played without more apparatus than a ball or two and a few sticks and perhaps a bit of netting. Imagine the folly of allowing people to play elaborate games which do nothing whatever to increase consumption. It's madness.'

Huxley looked up from his book and smiled. Then he vanished.

I sat mesmerized for a few seconds, and then spoke: "The new name of the magazine will be *Centrifugal Bumble-Puppy.*"

My vice presidents looked aghast. "Are you joking?" "Who can even pronounce Send Her Feudal?" "This is an adolescent market." "Readers aren't that sophisticated." "Cat lovers will hate it." "People like one-word titles for their humor publications—like *Mad* or *Crazy* or *Help!*" "It won't increase consumption." "It's madness." "It'll never fly."

And, like Stan and Gerry before them, neither could the rest of my vice presidents.

Meeting was adjourned. —*Joe Sacco*

Chapter Three

OUTSIDE, in the garden, it was playtime. Naked in the warm June sunshine, six or seven hundred little boys and girls were running with shrill yells over the lawns, or playing ball games, or squatting silently in twos and threes among the flowering shrubs. The roses were in bloom, two nightingales soliloquized in the boskage, a cuckoo was just going out of tune among the lime trees. The air was drowsy with the murmur of bees and helicopters.

The Director and his students stood for a short time watching a game of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy. Twenty children were grouped in a circle round a chrome-steel tower. A ball thrown up so as to land on the platform at the top of the tower rolled down into the interior, fell on a rapidly revolving disk, was hurled through one or other of the numerous apertures pierced in the cylindrical casing, and had to be caught.

'Strange,' mused the Director, as they turned away, 'strange to think that even in Our Ford's day most games were played without more apparatus than a ball or two and a few sticks and perhaps a bit of netting. Imagine the folly of allowing people to play elaborate games which do nothing whatever to increase consumption. It's madness. Nowadays the Controllers won't approve of any new game unless it can be shown that it requires at least as much apparatus as the most complicated of existing games.' He interrupted himself.

'That's a charming little group,' he said, pointing.

In a little grassy bay between tall clumps of Mediterranean heather, two children, a little boy of about seven and a little girl who might have been a year older, were playing, very gravely and with all the focused attention of scientists intent on a labour of discovery, a rudimentary sexual game.

'Charming, charming!' the D.H.C. repeated sentimentally.

'Charming,' the boys politely agreed. But their smile was rather patronizing. They had put aside similar childish amusements too recently to be able to watch them now without a touch of contempt.

35

MARSHAL McLUHAN

"The comic strip & the ad... both belong to the world of games, to the world of models & extensions of situations elsewhere ...."

SCRIPT: TOM ROBERTS
ART: JIM SIERGEY

"A NEWSPAPER IS A CORPORATE SYMBOLIST POEM, ENVIRONMENTAL AND INVISIBLE..."

MARSHAL! IT JIST COME IN ON TH' TELEGRAPH!

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

TRUE GRIT

BAD MAN AT BLACK ROCK

WANTED

BLACKY'S BEEN PARDONED!

"THE TELEGRAPH FREED THE MARGINAL PROVINCIAL PRESS FROM DEPENDENCE ON THE BIG METROPOLITAN PRESS. IN THE WHOLE FIELD OF THE ELECTRIC REVOLUTION, THIS PATTERN OF DE-CENTRALIZATION APPEARS IN MULTIPLE GUISES"

HE WON'T BE GOIN' TO PRISON! HE'S ACOMIN' BACK AFTER YOU - ON TH' NOON TRAIN!

"THE STEAM RAILROAD AS AN ACCELERATOR PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY OF ALL EXTENSIONS OF OUR PHYSICAL BODIES, CREATING A NEW POLITICAL CENTRALISM AND A NEW KIND OF URBAN SHAPE AND SIZE"

DIDN'T YA HEAR ME, MARSHAL? I SED HE'S ACOMIN' IN ON TH' NOON TRAIN, GUNNIN' FER YA! Y'GOT ONLY 45 MINUTES!

"THE CLOCK DRAGGED MAN OUT OF THE WORLD OF SEASONAL RHYTHMS & RECURRENCE, AS EFFECTIVELY AS THE ALPHABET HAD RE-LEASED HIM FROM THE MAGICAL RESONANCE OF THE SPOKEN WORD & THE TRIBAL TRAP"

WE BETTER GET LOADED AND READY, MARSHAL!

"IF THE ARROW IS AN EXTENSION OF THE HAND & THE ARM, THE RIFLE IS AN EX-TENSION OF THE EYE & TEETH. IT MAY BE TO THE POINT TO REMARK THAT IT WAS THE LITERATE AMERICAN COLONISTS WHO WERE FIRST TO INSIST ON A RIFLED BARREL & IMPROVED GUNSIGHTS"

WILL YOU QUIT TALKIN' CRAZY, MARSHAL? WE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES! CONSARNIT!

"SLANG IS VERBAL VIOLENCE ON NEW PSYCHIC FRONTIERS! IT IS A QUEST FOR IDENTITY"

"THE STIRRUP FIRST APPEARED IN THE WEST IN THE 8TH CENTURY A.D. HAVING BEEN INTRODUCED FROM THE EAST. WITH THE STIRRUP CAME MOUNTED SHOCK COMBAT THAT CALLED INTO EXISTENCE A NEW SOCIAL CLASS"

MARSHAL! LOOK OUT!

"ALL DISCOVERIES IN ART AND SCIENCE RESULT FROM AN ACCUMULATION OF ERRORS"

SUGGESTED READING: "UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: THE EXTENSIONS OF MAN" AND "CULTURE IS OUR BUSINESS" BOTH BY MARSHALL McLUHAN

AMEN

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD FOR STILL LIFE

EXPLOITATION & PHILOSOPHY
THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!

THERE CAME A DAY WHEN THE ALIENS LOOKED AROUND AND DIDN'T LIKE WHAT THEY SAW...

SO, FROM THE SKY, IN THE MAIL, AND UP THRU THEIR TOILETS APPEARED A PLAIN BLACK BERET FOR EVERYONE.

SPROING

OOH LA LA!

ONCE THE CHAPEAU TOUCHED A PATE THE WEARER BECAME AN INSTANT ELITE ARTISTE...

I MUST PRODUCE ZE ART... YESS...

NO ONE WAS LEFT OUT... ART FLOURISHED EVERYWHERE...

LIPSTICK

SOILER RAYDIES

REAL PAINT

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, PERFORMANCE ART -- ALL INESCAPABLE. CREATIVITY WAS ON THE LOOSE!

CLASSICAL

MODERN

VID-ART

CONCEPTUAL

EARTH

GOVERNMENTS TOPPLED AND BUSINESS DISINTEGRATED BECAUSE EVERY SOUL ON EARTH WAS BUSY PRODUCING OR DISCUSSING ART.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?-- ZE FORM IZ MORE IMPORTANT ZAN ZE CONTENT?

IT WAS ALRIGHT FOR A WHILE... THE ARTISTES WORKED, ATE, AND HAD OCCASIONAL SEX BETWEEN DREAMS...

FOOD, THOUGH, BECAME INCREASINGLY HARD TO FIND. BEER, TOP RAMEN, AND PEANUTS SUSTAINED MANY, BUT EVEN THESE STAPLES EVENTUALLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE UNMANNED SUPERMARKETS...

ALL GONE

Schlitz

PEANUTS

Swift

THEN ART SUPPLIES BECAME SCARCE, DOUBLING THE ANXIETY LEVELS OF THE DRIVEN, STARVING ARTISTES...

RIP!

FINALLY, FROM THE MASS OF INDIVIDUALS, A COUPLE OF TRUE VISIONARIES AROSE TO INSTITUTE A NEW, PRACTICAL ART FORM, NEOMEATYEXPRESSIONISM!

GAK!

ART IS MEAT...

THEY KILLED AND ATE THEIR LESS AGGRESSIVE COLLEAGUES (IN AN ARTISTIC FASHION, OF COURSE), THEREBY SUSTAINING THEIR BELLIES AS WELL AS THEIR ARTISTIC INTEGRITY...

BRAVO!

CLAP CLAP

BRILLIANT!

WELL DONE!

CLAP CLAP

LET'S EAT!

THE TREND SPREAD QUICKLY. PASSIVE ART WIMPS CAME TO LIKE THE IDEA OF BECOMING ART.

OTHERS, LESS AGGRESSIVE BUT NOT SO STUPID, FLED TO THE HILLS TO WATCH THE BLOODY ORGY WHILE MUNCHING ON ROOTS, FRUITS AND SMALL ANIMALS...

IN THE EVENING, WORKING BY CANDLELIGHT AND USING MATERIALS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR ENVIRONS, THE HILL ARTISTS RECORDED THE HAPPENINGS ON THE WALLS OF THEIR CAVES.

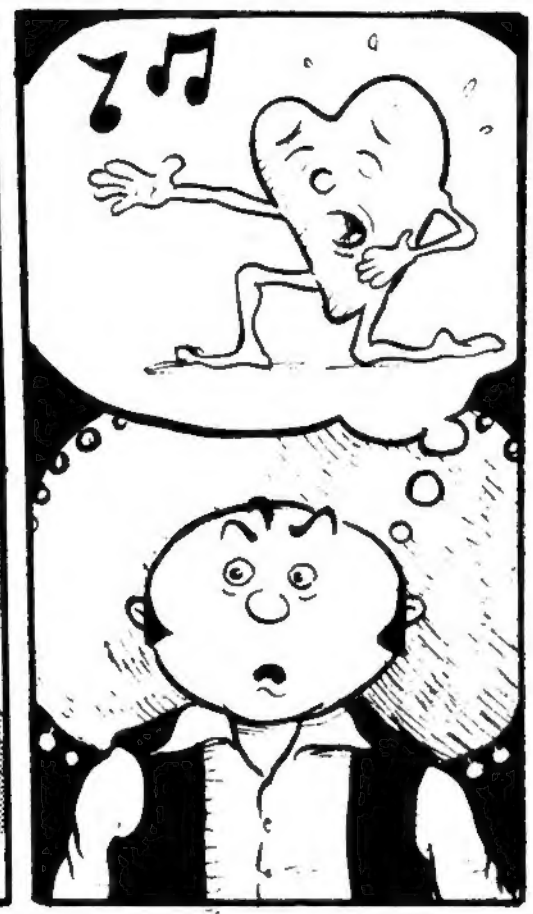
VOILA!

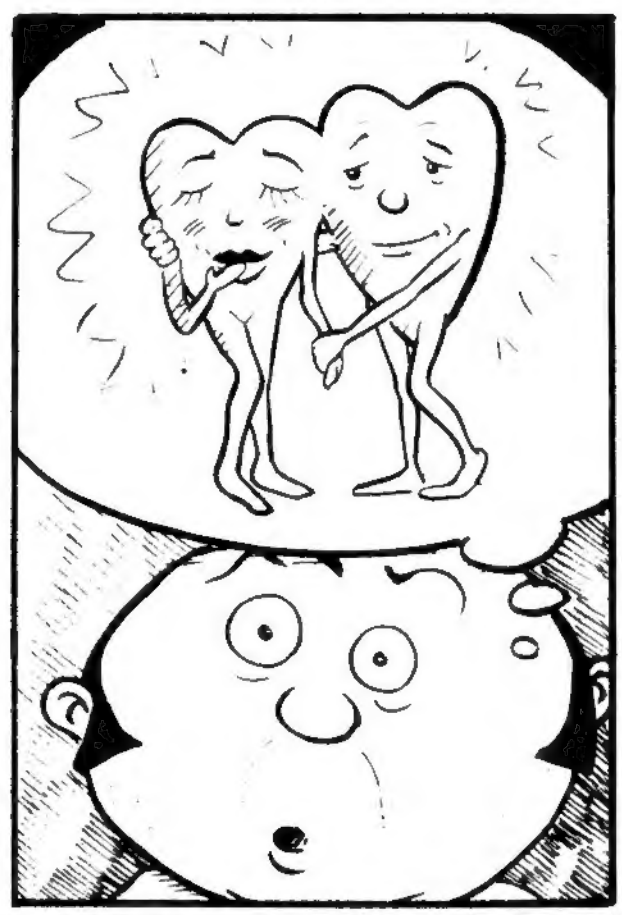
THE ALIENS CAME BACK, REALIZED THEIR MISTAKE, AND CHANGED EVERYBODY INTO POETS...

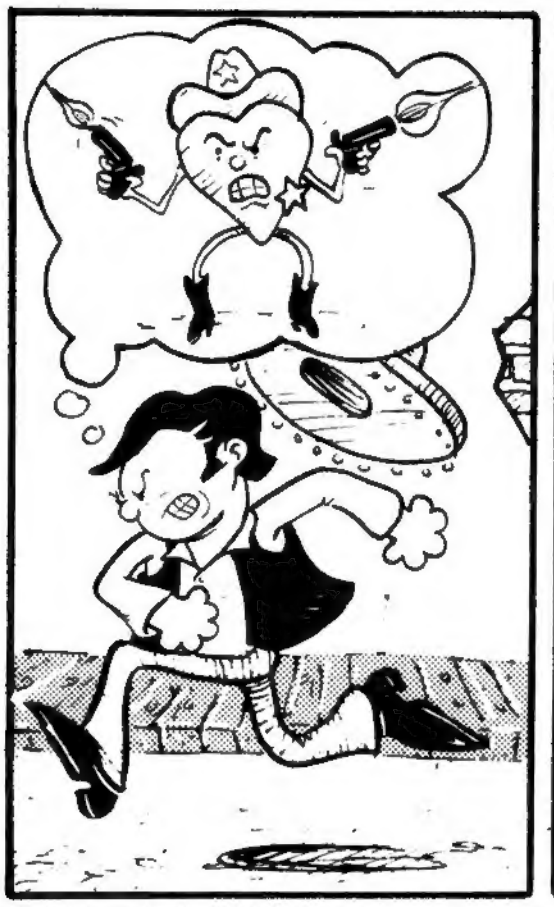
I FEEL SO EXISTENTIAL I COULD DIE...

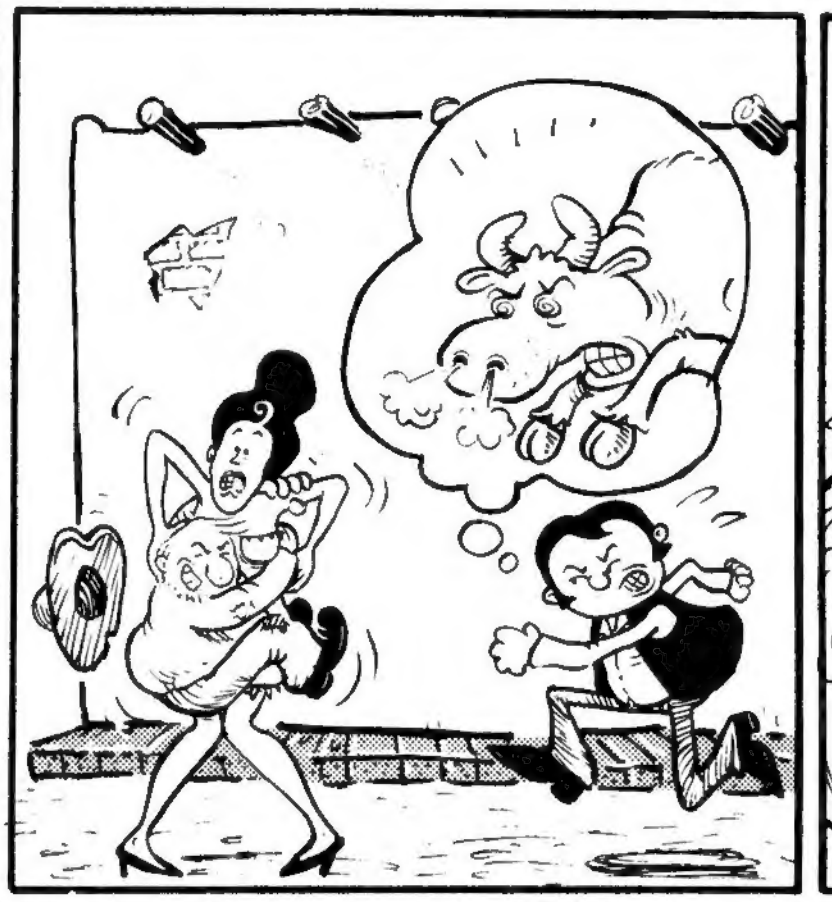
(AND THEY USUALLY DID.)

This story originally appeared as a ZOMOID ILLUSTORIES comic (Ray Zone Production).









D. MILLER '85

REALITY. FANTASY.

and everything inbetween.

LOVE & ROCKETS

IT'S ALL THEY SAY IT IS.

1986 Gilbert Hernandez

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

The BAD BOYS

©1986 by JWILLIAMS

I GOT THESE RUSSIAN HATS AT A GARAGE SALE!

COOL!

HA! HA! I LIKE THIS HAIRY HAT!

"DA, COMRADE"! HA! HA! HA!

HEY! WHAT IS IT THAT YOU BOYS ARE PLAYING?

WE ARE PRETENDING TO BE RUSSIANS!

CAN I PLAY? I COULD BE THE "TZARINA"!!

--"TZARINA"? WHAT'S THAT?

WELL--IT'S KIND OF LIKE A "QUEEN"! OF COURSE, SOMEONE MUST PRETEND TO BE THE "TZAR"...

WE WILL GET SOMEONE TO BE THE "TZAR", PEGGY!! THEN WE CAN ALL PLAY!

--LET'S GO SEE IF "FATTY" IS AT HOME!

HA! HA!

WE-WANT-FA-DEE! COME-OUT-FA-DEE!! WE-WANT-FA-DEE! COME-OUT-FA-DEE!!

STOP YELLING!! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!?

WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO COME OUT AND PLAY WITH US, "FATTY"!

OKAY, I WILL COME OUT-- BUT MY NAME IS NOT "FATTY," IT IS SCOTT! I WISH YOU WOULD NOT CALL ME "FATTY"!

HA! HA! HA! HA!

HUFF! PUFF! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO PLAY? PUFF! HUFF!

WE WILL PLAY "RUSSIANS"! YOU CAN BE THE "TZAR"!

--WHAT'S A "TZAR"?

IT'S LIKE A "KING"! AND PEGGY WILL BE THE "TZARINA"!

OH!! IS PEGGY GOING TO PLAY, TOO?!?

HERE HE IS, PEGGY! ALL HAIL THE "TZAR"!

--H-HELLO, PEGGY!

HA! HA!

--OH, NO! HELLO, "FATTY"!

WELL, IF YOU MUST PLAY WITH US, PUT ON THIS FAKE BEARD-- I GET TO WEAR THE CROWN!!

?

I AM ALREADY TIRED OF THIS STUPID GAME!

SO AM I! RUSSIANS ARE BORING!

--HOW DO I LOOK?

-YUCK!!

HEY, "FATTY" IS WEARING A BEARD!

HE LOOKS LIKE RASPUTIN!!

--RASPUTIN!?!

--WE MUST SAVE THE TZARINA FROM HIS EVIL INFLUENCE!!

--AS TZAR OF RUSSIA, I HEREBY DECREE...

KRUNCH!!

--THE **REAL** RASPUTIN WAS MUCH HARDER TO KILL!!

HEY, WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?!?

-THE TZARINA DOES NOT APPRECIATE OUR VALIANT ACT OF PATRIOTISM!

NOW IT IS TIME TO START THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION!

YAAAAH! STONE HER! DEATH TO THE TZARINA!!

BIM!

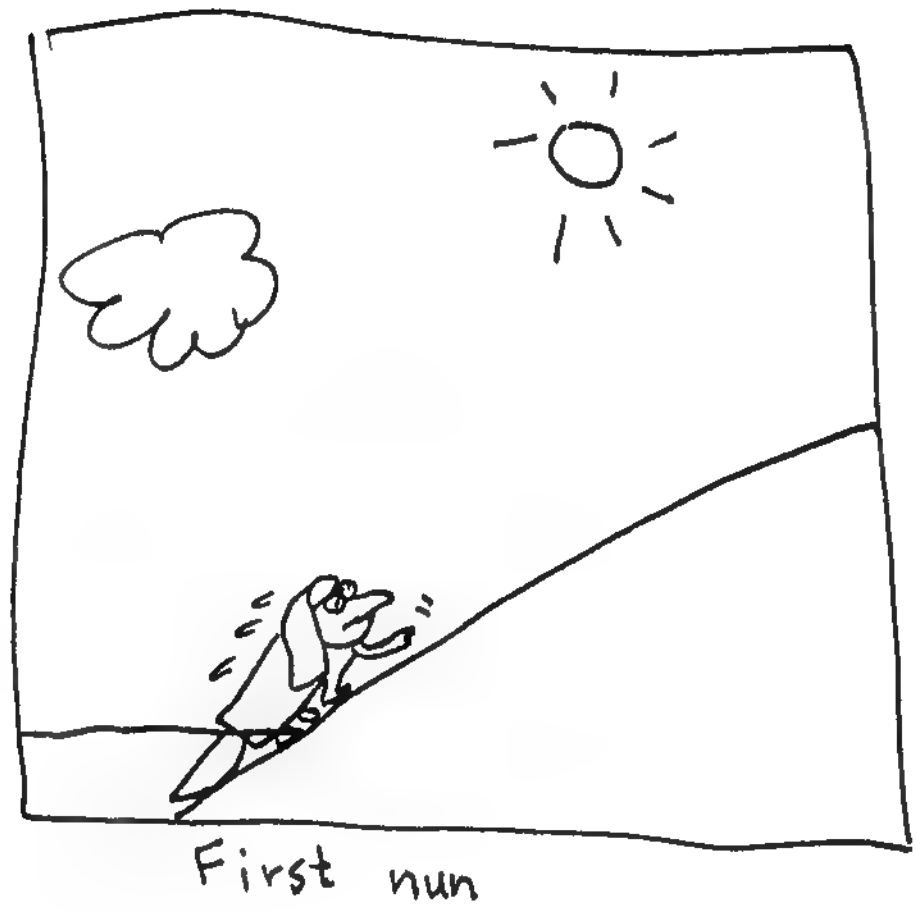
BAM!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

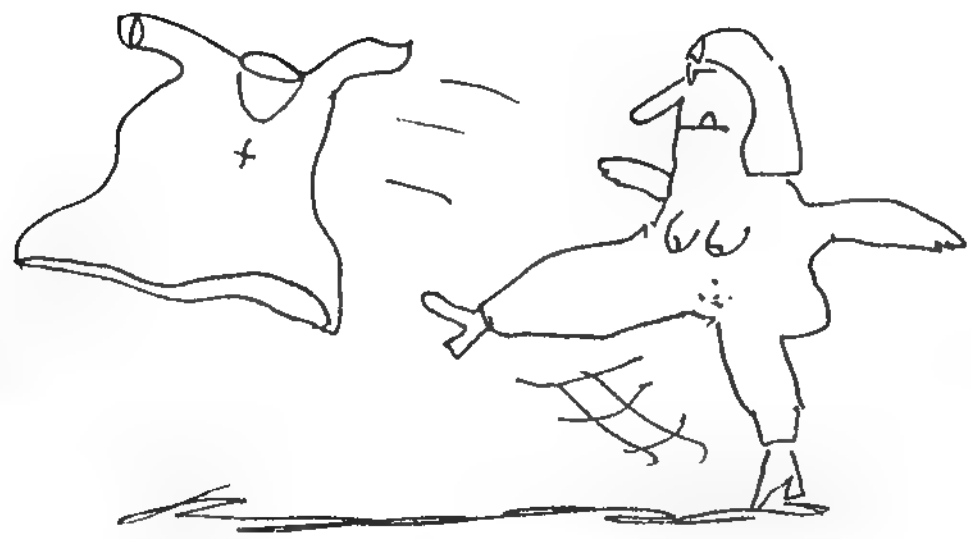
...WHO SAYS THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BAD BOY?

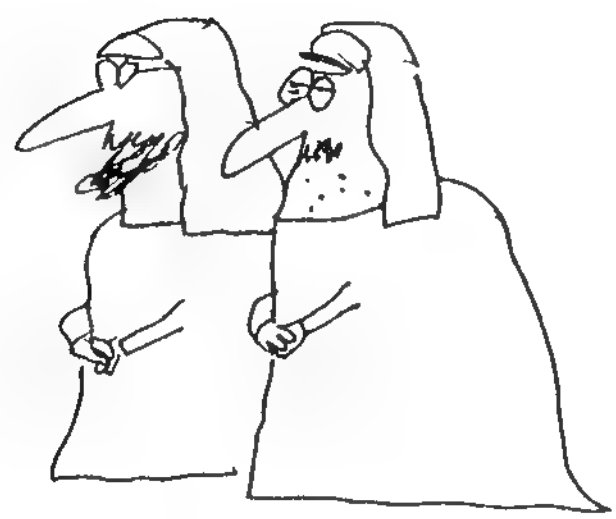
--NYET!!

THE END.

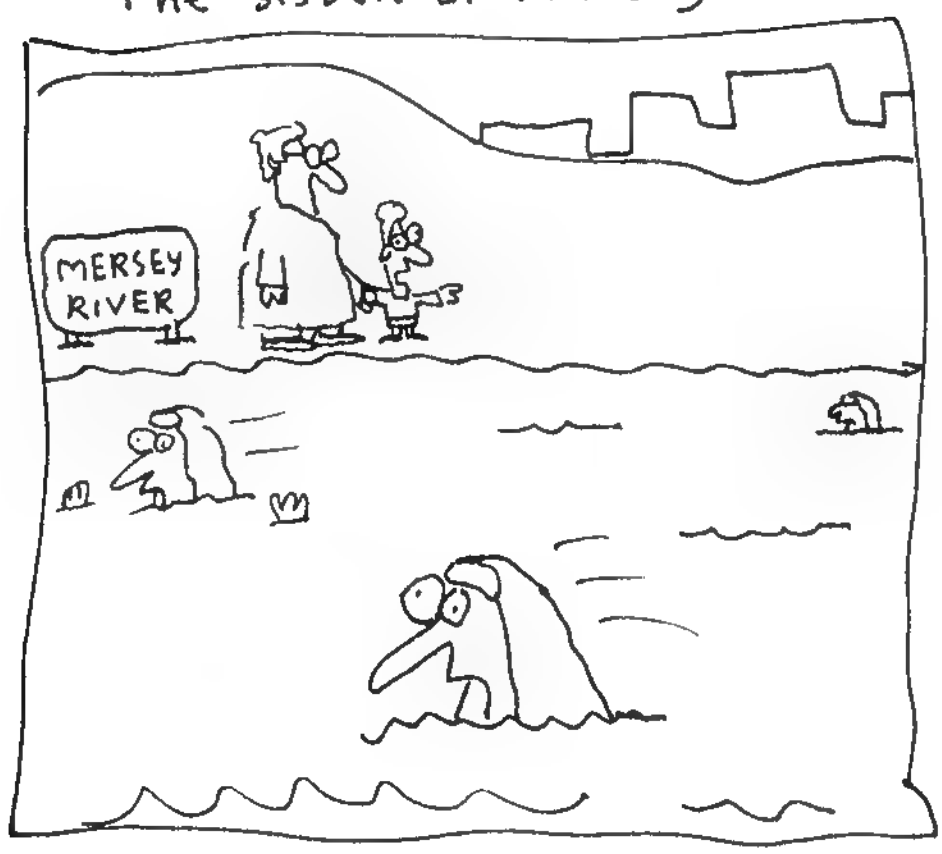


John Callahan's NUNS

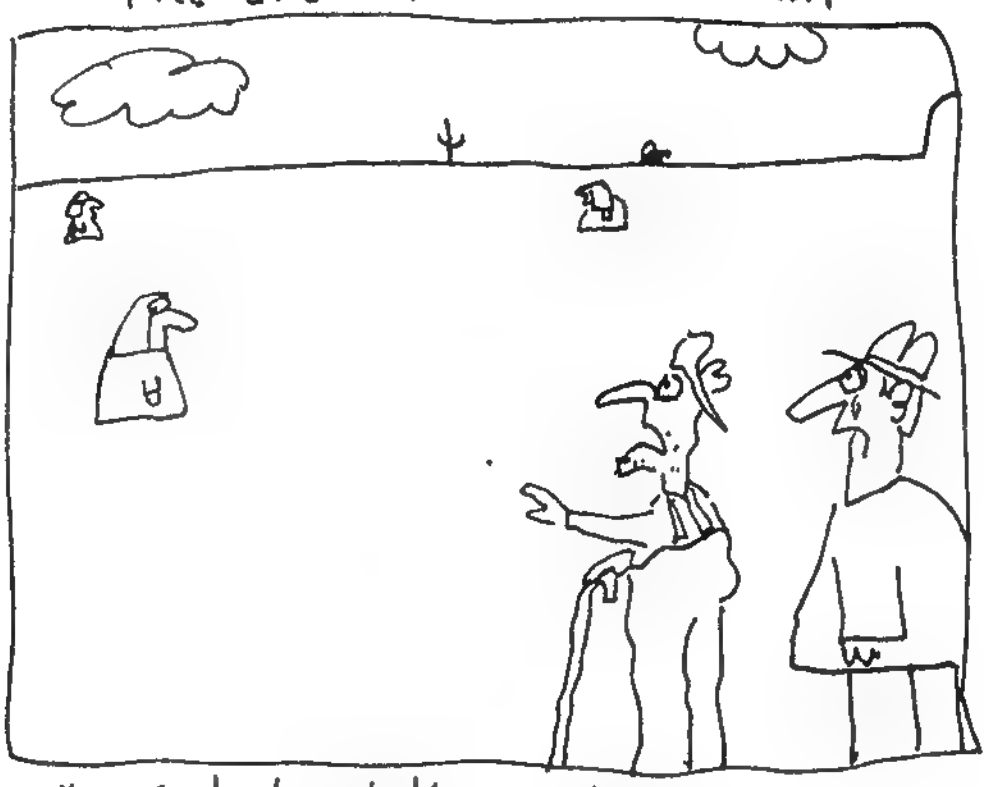




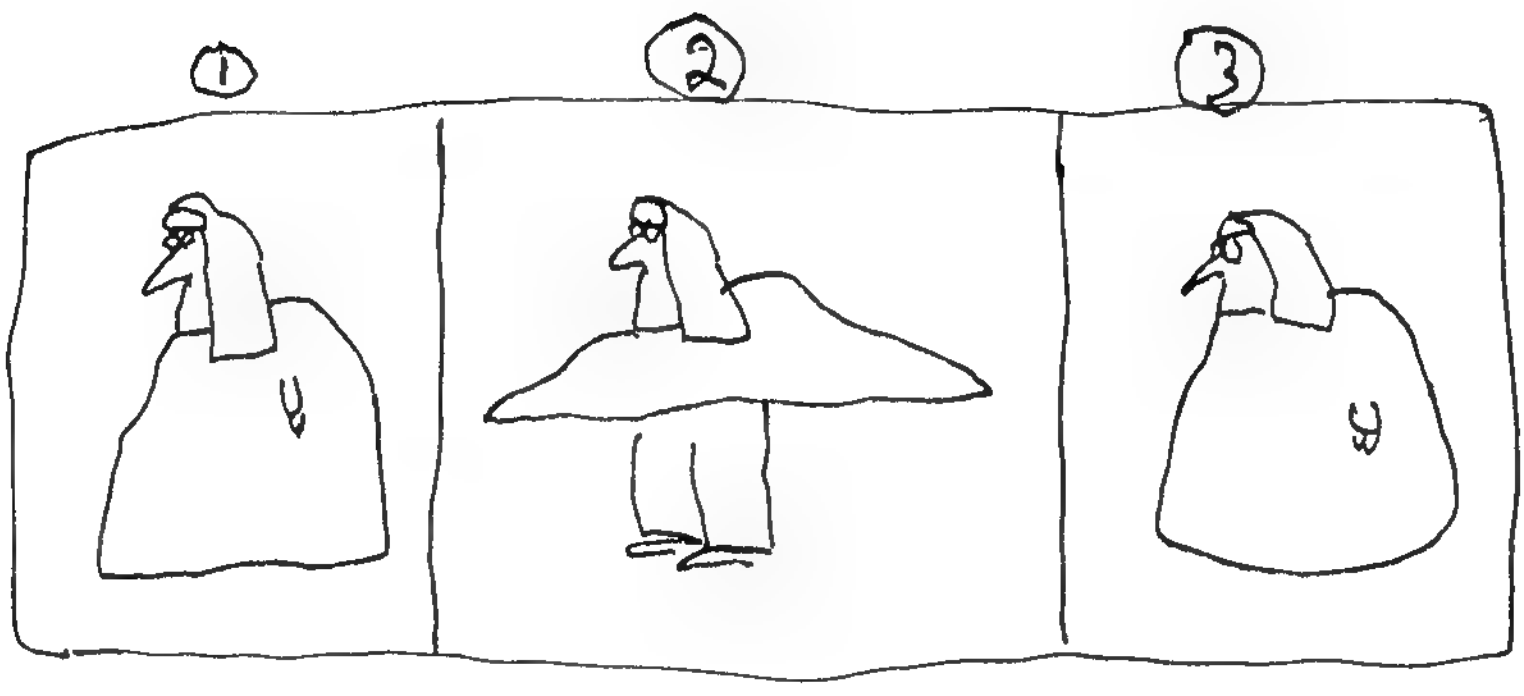
The sisters of mersey



The extinction of the nun

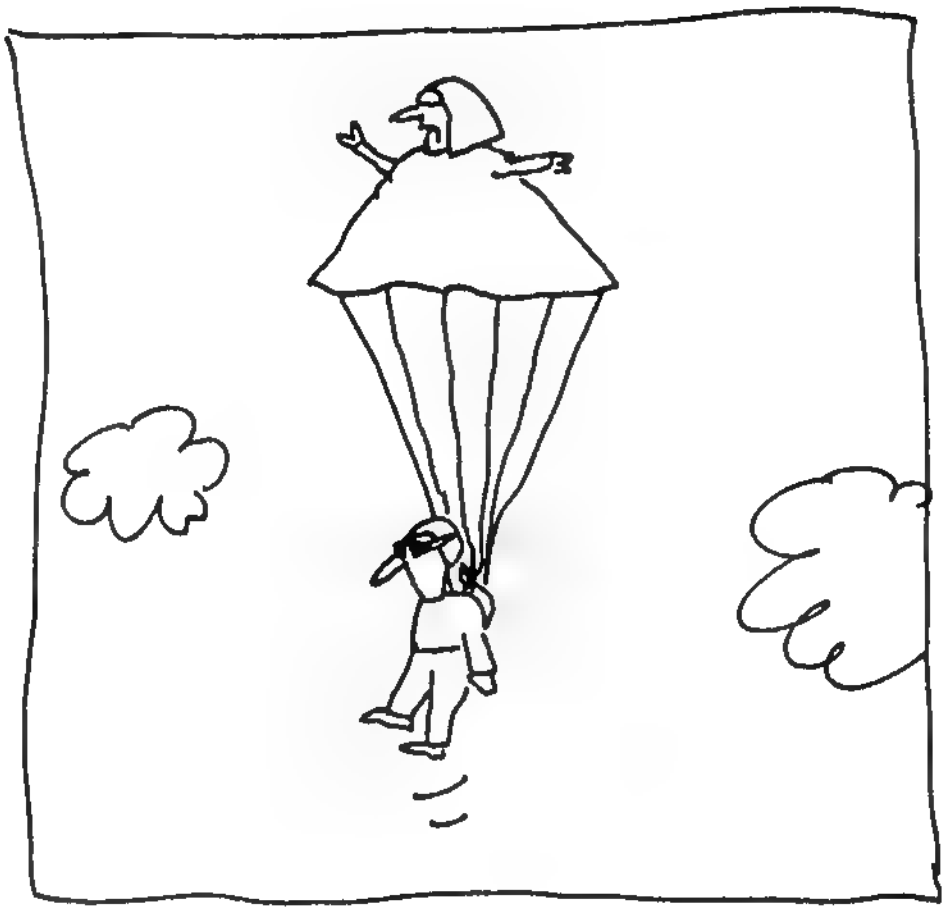


"used to take 3 days for a large order of Benedictines to pass by this point; now there's only these stragglers!"

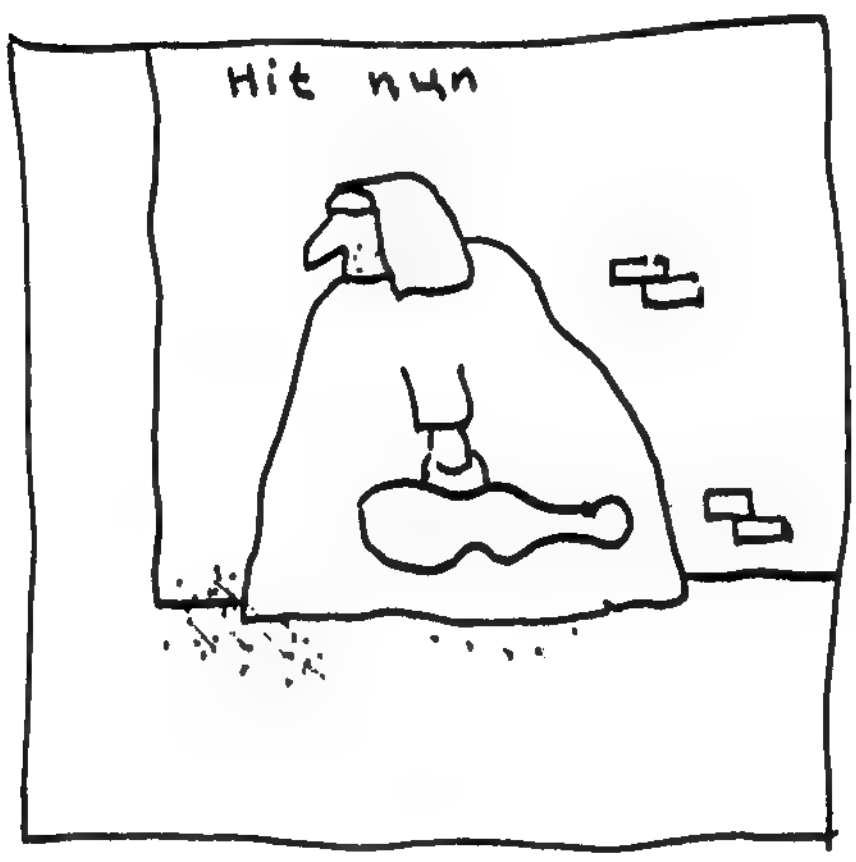


FLATULENT NUN

(Phil Donahue as a nun)



(mating habits of nuns)



VENTRILOQUIST NUN

Street nuns

ISOTYPE HARRY JONES

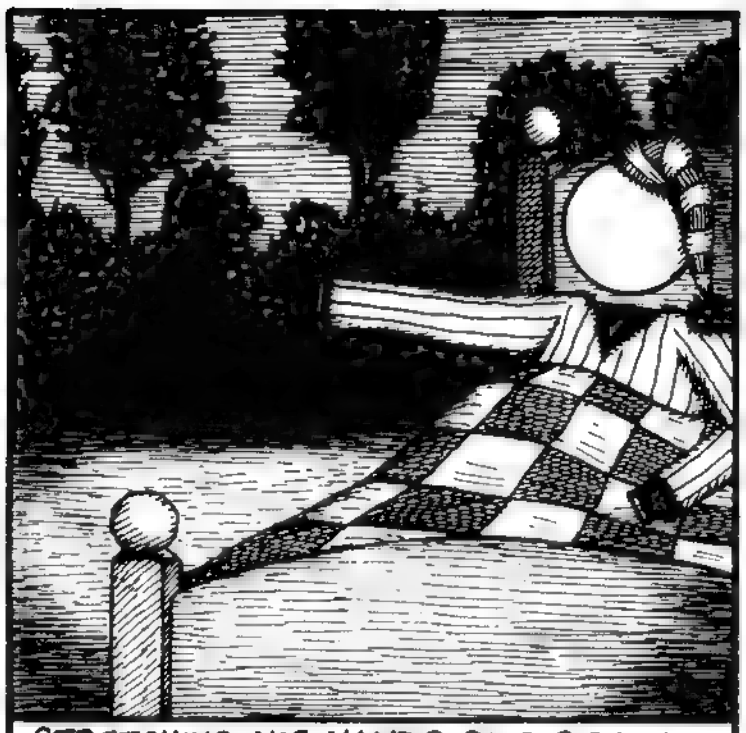
as Plume

IN

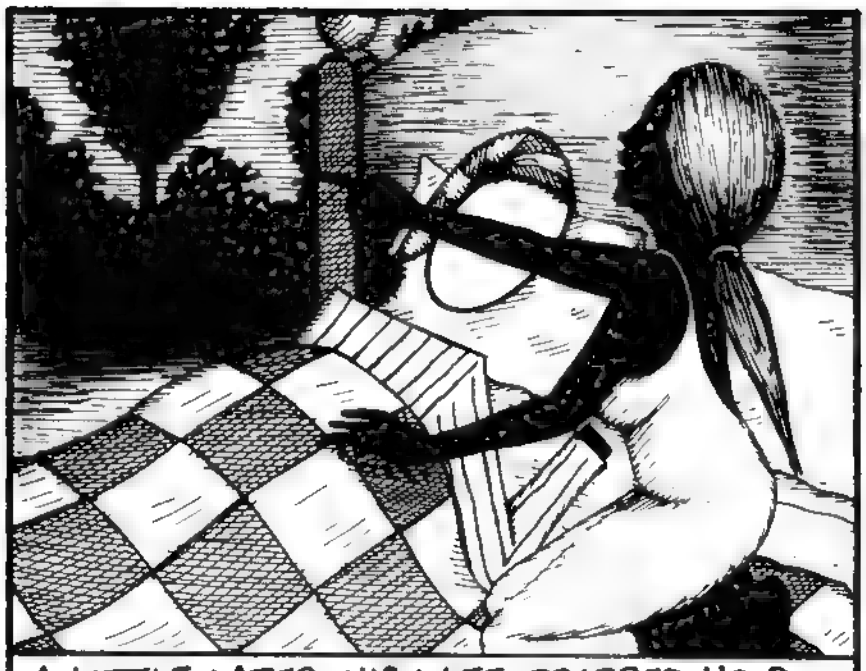
"A MAN of PEACE"

by Henri Michaux

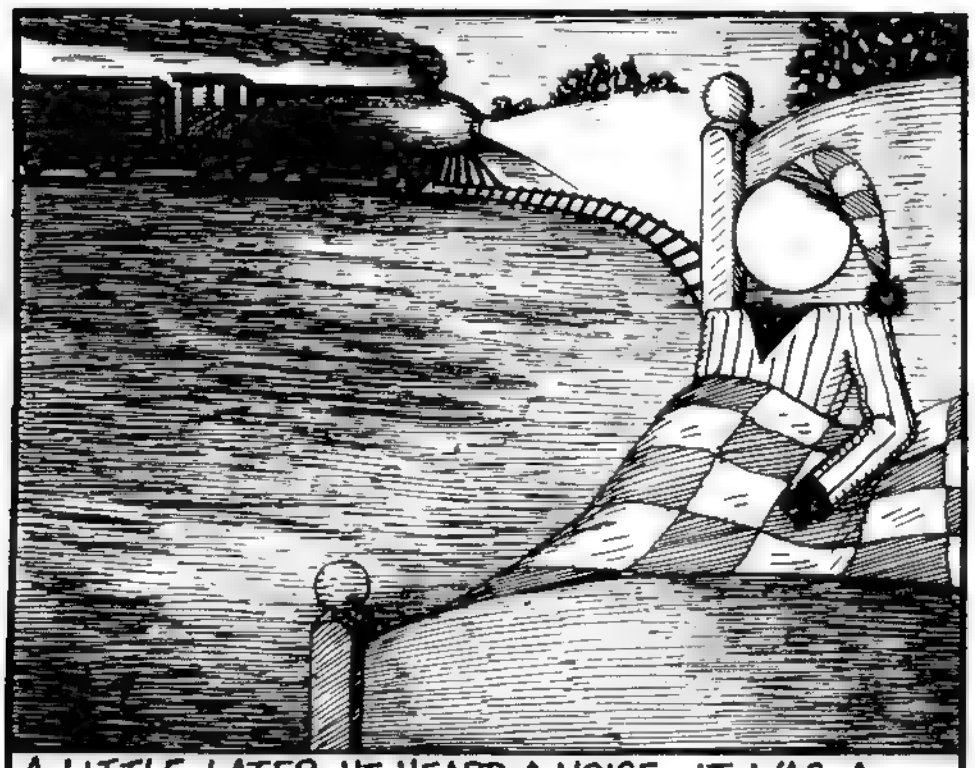
TRANS/ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CLARK



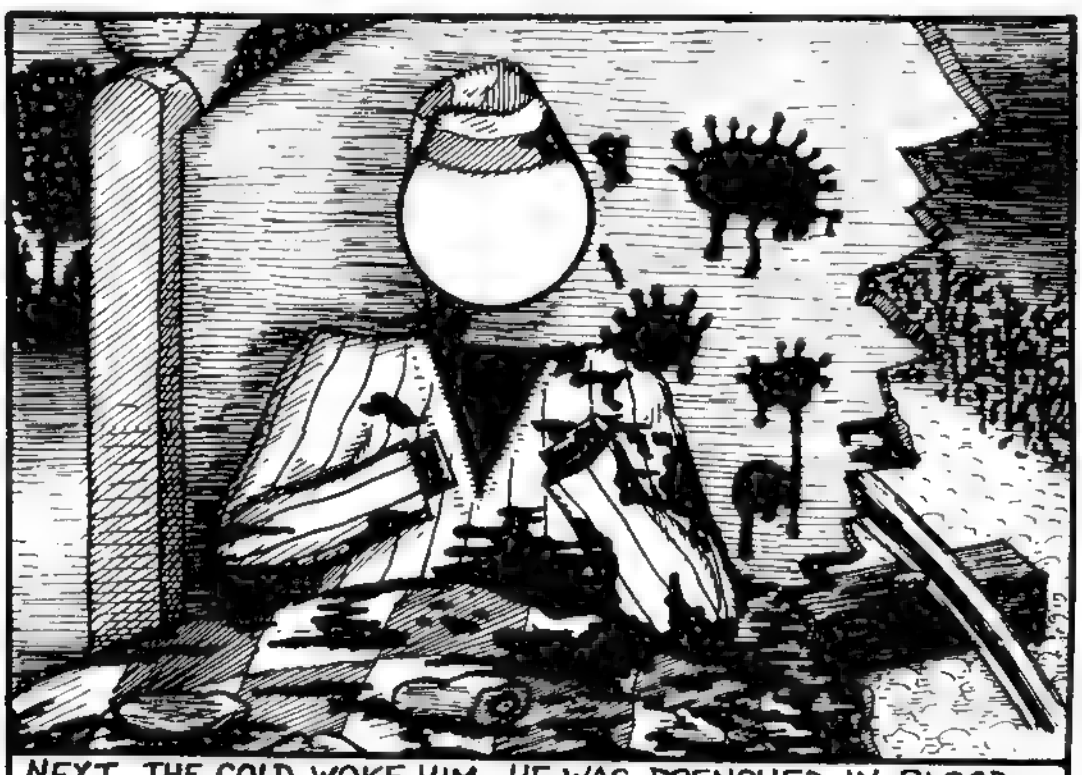
STRETCHING HIS HANDS OUT BEYOND THE BED, PLUME WAS ASTONISHED AT NOT MEETING THE WALL. "WELL," HE THOUGHT, "THE ANTS MUST HAVE EATEN IT..." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.



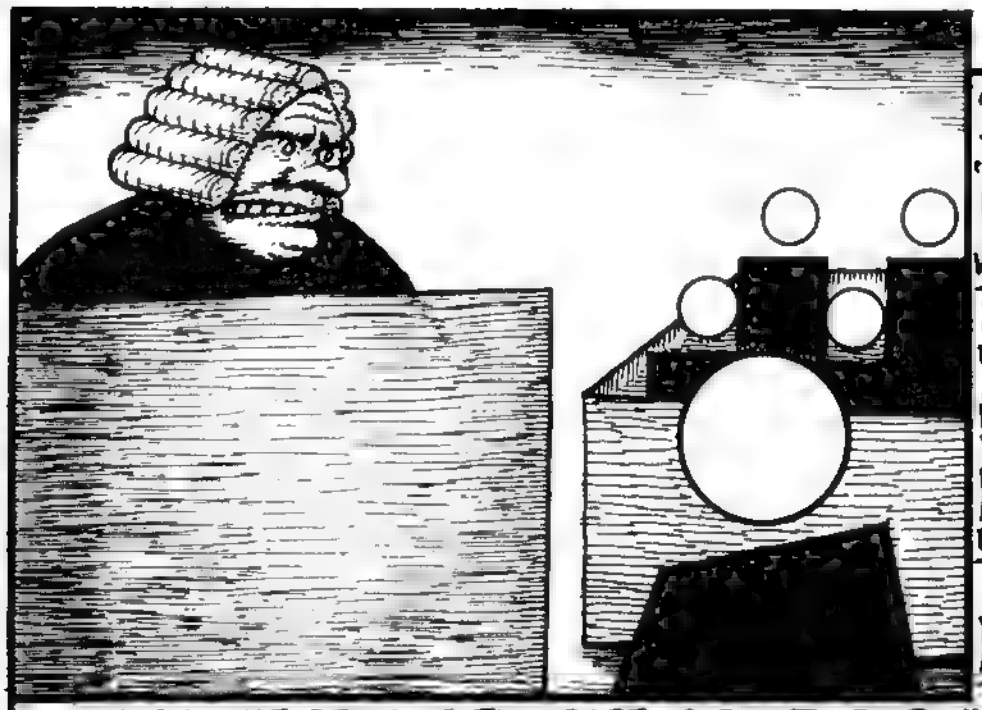
A LITTLE LATER HIS WIFE GRABBED HOLD OF HIM AND SHOOK HIM. "LOOK," SHE SAID, "YOU LAZY SLOTH!" WHILE YOU WERE SO BUSY SLEEPING, THEY'VE MADE OFF WITH OUR HOUSE. IT WAS TRUE, AN UNBROKEN SKY STRETCHED ON ALL SIDES ABOVE THEM. "OH WELL," HE THOUGHT, "WHATS DONE IS DONE."



A LITTLE LATER HE HEARD A NOISE. IT WAS A TRAIN SPEEDING TOWARD THEM. "MAKING HASTE LIKE THAT," HE THOUGHT, "IT WILL SURELY GET THERE BEFORE WE DO," AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.



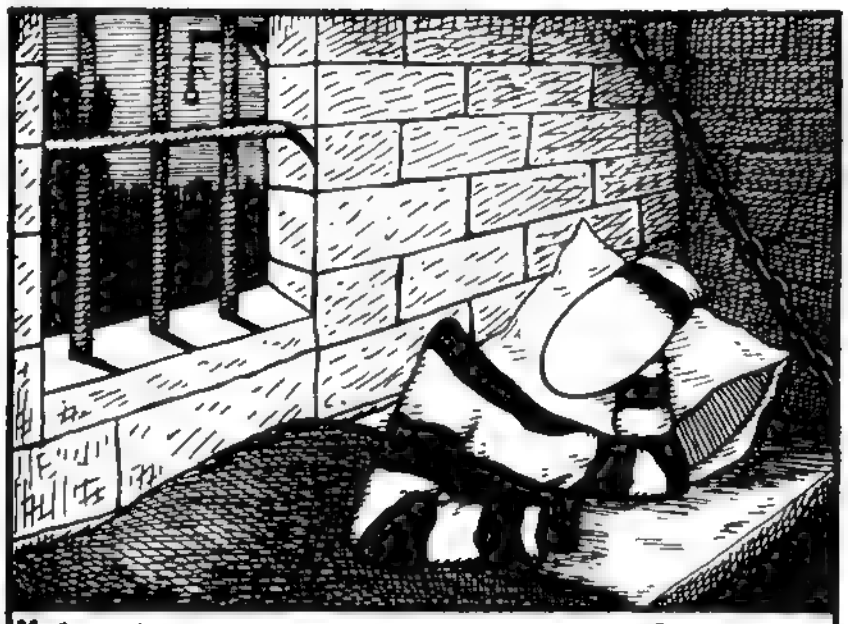
NEXT, THE COLD WOKE HIM. HE WAS DRENCHED IN BLOOD. A FEW PIECES OF HIS WIFE WERE LYING BESIDE HIM. "WHERE THERE'S BLOOD," HE THOUGHT, "UNPLEASANTRIES OFTEN CROP UP. I'D BE VERY HAPPY IF THIS TRAIN HAD NOT GONE BY. BUT SINCE ITS ALREADY GONE..." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.



"LOOK," SAID THE JUDGE. "HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT YOUR WIFE WAS WOUNDED TO THE POINT OF BEING FOUND CUT UP INTO EIGHT PIECES, WHILE YOU, RIGHT BESIDE HER, MADE NO EFFORT AT ALL TO PREVENT IT, AND DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE IT. THATS THE MYSTERY. THE CRUX OF THE CASE IS RIGHT THERE."

"IF THATS THE WAY HE WANTS TO GO," THOUGHT PLUME, "I CAN'T HELP HIM." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

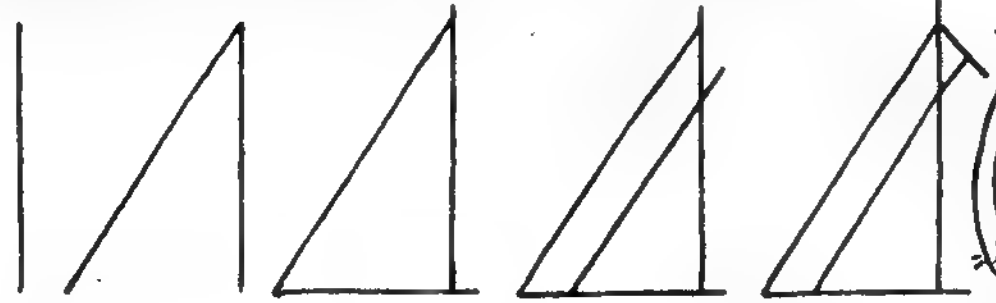
5-6 FROM "A CERTAIN PLUME" HENRI MICHAUX 1931



"THE EXECUTION WILL TAKE PLACE TOMORROW. PRISONER, HAVE YOU ANYTHING MORE TO SAY?" "EXCUSE ME," HE SAID, "I HAVEN'T FOLLOWED THIS CASE." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE thiN9s to Make aNd do ...

A simple way to draw a dog with just four straight lines

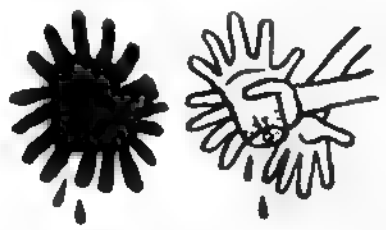


Shadow Pictures: All you need is a strong light for hours of fun !!

'The Embarrassed Preacher'

'The Headless spectre'

'Rorscharch InK Blot Test' (you may need a friend's help with this one)



Charlie Trumper © 84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

CONCERN ABOUT THE aftermath of a NUCLEAR war rAGES on ~ HOWEVer, some of the lesser known side-effects of radiation poisoNING HAVE bEEn ignoRED BY all sides ~

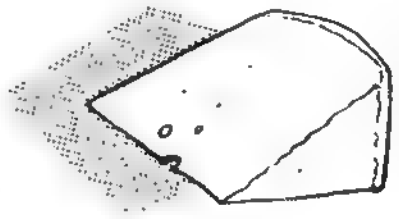
DAY 1 ~ A dINGLE-dANGLE in the ears and spots before the eyes

DAY 2 ~ GROWING PAINS

DAY 3 ~ Speech becomes impaired

DAY 4 ~ A bloated feeling as things begIN getting STRANGE ~

DAY 5 ~ You turN into a slab of Mozzarella cheese.



DAY 6 ~ You feel better

LUCKILY most of us won't have to LIVE through these terrible side effects as we shALL Be bLESSED WITh an eARLY dEMISE!

Charlie Trumper © 84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Charisma - HOW TO FAKE IT

Be bAd-mannered. only UNRelentINgly nice people ARE toTALLy INsufferable—

charisma in abundance

balls to that

No charisma

If you're male it helps if you're hung like a donkey

Charisma's for schmucks GET POWER!

©'84 Charlie Trumpeau

Charisma ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ a WONDERS BROS production ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ by Charlotte Trumpeau

THE LATEST SOAP OPERA.

YESTERDAY WE SAW how Charisma's beloved sister WHO Was born mentally retarded is being cared for in an expensive bordello IN StReatham ~

CHarisma enjoyed the company of Darren, her half-brother until that day during a holiday in skegness when his cruel lust ran wild

Prof. Bean performs plastic surgery ON tHe heroine

THUS equipped sHe woos Pierpont Goodpenis, tHe heir to his ex-WIFE'S fortune from Feature face cosmetics

UNbeknownst to him, Charisma is his ex-Wife with a Nose-job —

But it is Not to be that simple — PIERpont dallies awHile on the balcony—

Ahem

While charisma makes an excuse to leave

I'm just going out to change my tampon

she does Not return—

TOMORROW!!

catch me PierPont

THE WORDS OF SCENE

!WOW!
Free record token!!
JUST CUT OUT AND USE!!

RESEARCH INTO THE CURIOUS AREA OF INVISIBILITY RESULTED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INVISI-PILL MK I ~

IT WAS NOT 100% SUCCESSFUL~

=BLIP!=

THOUGH SOME PERSONS FOUND USES-

HOWEVER, ANY PROBLEMS WERE OVERCOME BY 'INVISI-PILL MK II—

BUT IN THE HANDS OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS-

STICK 'EM UP!

A REMEDY WAS SOON FOUND—

OI!! GERROFF MY FOOT

YOU'RE NICKED!

BOP!!

BANG

UG!

UNFORTUNATELY IT WAS DISCOVERED TOO LATE THAT THE INVISIBILITY EFFECT WAS IRREVERSABLE!!

SO TO RECTIFY WHAT WAS BECOMING AN EMBARRASSING PROBLEM—

EEK!

BOO!

WATCH IT MATE!

PINCH!

BIRCH!

WOOF!

TRIP!

IT WAS DECIDED TO MAKE EVERYTHING INVISIBLE~

EVERYONE'S HAPPY NOW.

~Charlie Trumper ©84~

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

"SNAP HAPPY"

ON the occasion of the marriage of Bertrum Castle to Miss Selina Davenport ~ as recorded by Charles Trumper, 1984©

I GIVE IT TWO WEEKS

ACTUALLY IT'S SEVEN MONTHS

I'M SURE IT SAID ON THE INVITATION..

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

WHO IS THIS MAN?

COULD YOU LOOK AT THE CAMERA WHEN YOU'RE CHEWING

'URP!

I THOUGHT THE KILT WAS A NICE TOUCH, VICAR

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE — the ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE — No.1. THE EGG THEORY

Firstly-ALL the MATTER OF THE EXISTING Universe was in the beginning COMPRESSED within A COSMIC embryo OR EGG...outside OF WHICH was.. INFINITY!-the ether..ZILCH!

Secondly, THE Egg CRACKED preparatory to Releasing ITS SECRETS- this event is still celebrated every Easter when chocolate EGGS are bust open-

Lastly all the elements of the known UNIVERSE sprang from the egg

The EVOLUTION theory is basically the same as the egg-theory except that the Man, the TV set and the armchair all start off as fish ~

©84 Charlie Trumper

[illegible]

HAROLD DUNN WAS CLEANSING his body

WHEN HE WAS ZAPPED BY AN alien matter thingy

BUDUMPH!

Shot across the stars to find himself aboard a bug-EYED SPACE-SHIP along with OTHER artifacts from planet Earth~

CHEW CHEW MUNCH

HE WAS CLASSIFIED AS excess BAGGAGE and zapped BACK ~

POOT!

BUT his PATH was diverted and he landed in the lavatory of the U.S. space shuttle-

DON'T SHOOT!! I voted for Reagan

Ground Control, WE HAVE an EXTRANEOUS option of difficulties up here-

What? Another cock up?!

MARS

Charlie Trumper © 84

1 2 3 4 5

BLINDED WITH SCIENCE (Pericles The Punk)

Can I join in

Sure, Perry

Perry, meet Neil and Colin and Quentin and Theo

Save the augmented fifths for the reprise

"cadenza eczema"

Lots of crescendo in the macaroni

Right, we'll take it from where it says pianissimo.

Throw in some extra chord custards in the andante

I'm just going out to change my socks

They blinded me with science

Charlie Trumper © 84

The Wonders of Science

Father Christmas has been using computers to help with minor administration problems at his base

CLEAN BEEP

This year he uses computers to deal with the complex problems of delivering toys to every kid in the world—

OH, DATABASE! OH, BARCODE!

Unusual phenomena have been reported in the skies—

It's a bird

It's a plane

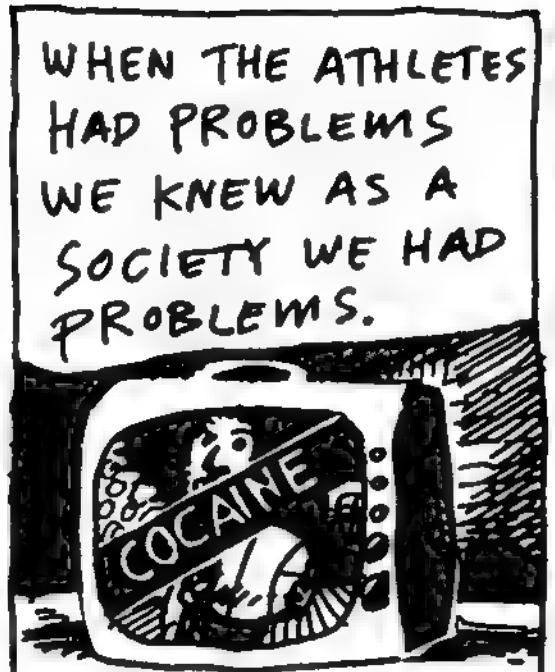
It's a floppy disc

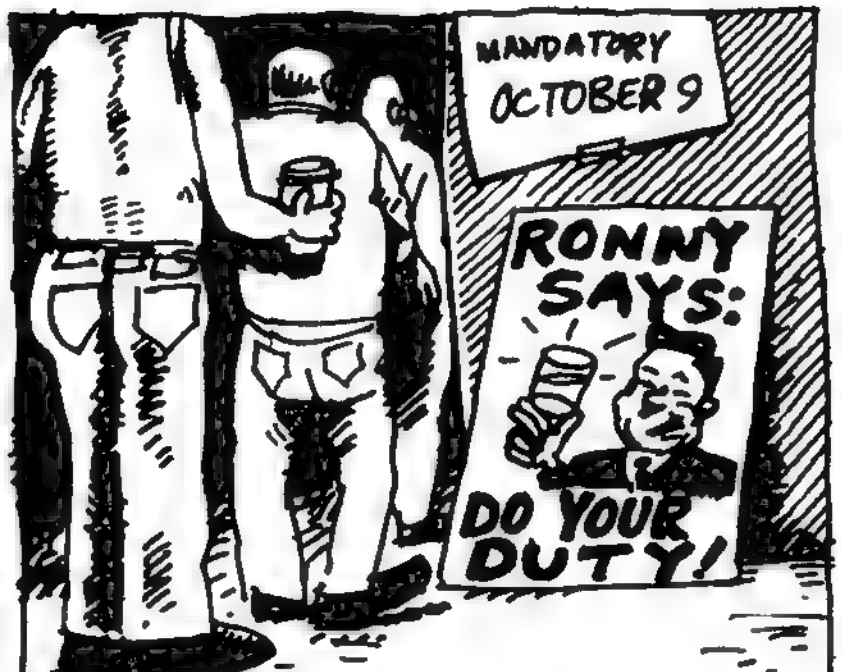
when an old man came in sight playing with his too-el

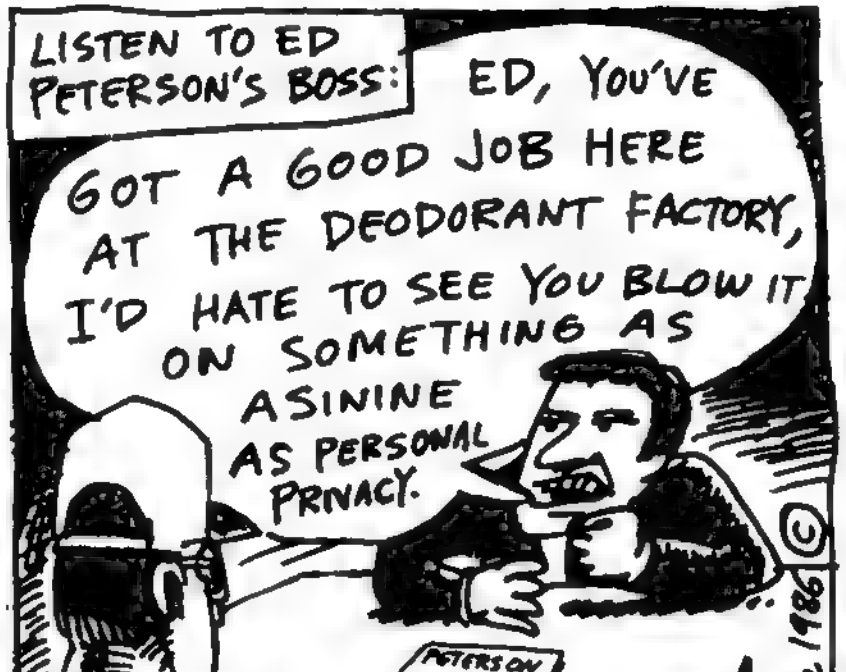
Charlie Trumper © 84

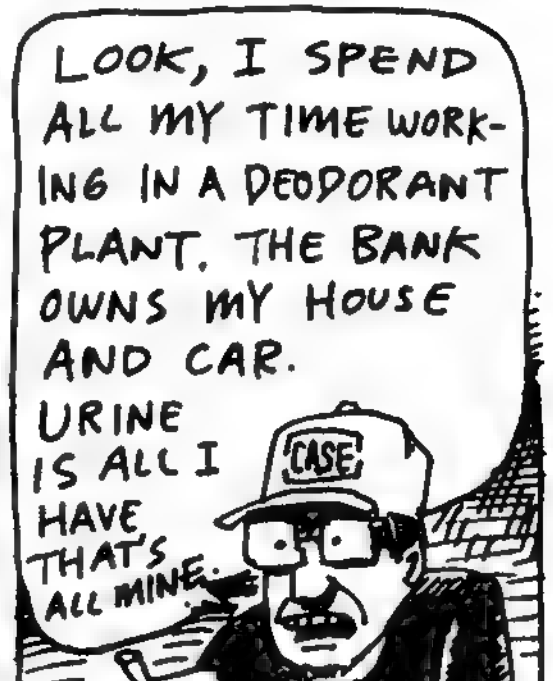
URINE OF THE DAMNED

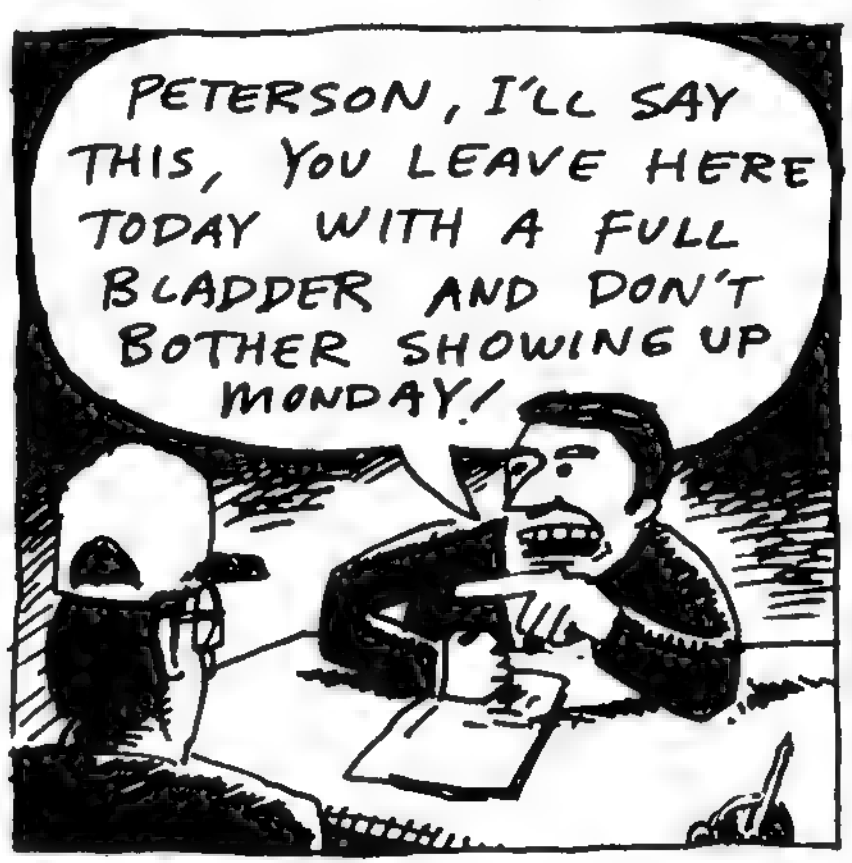
1986 BY LLOYD DANGLE





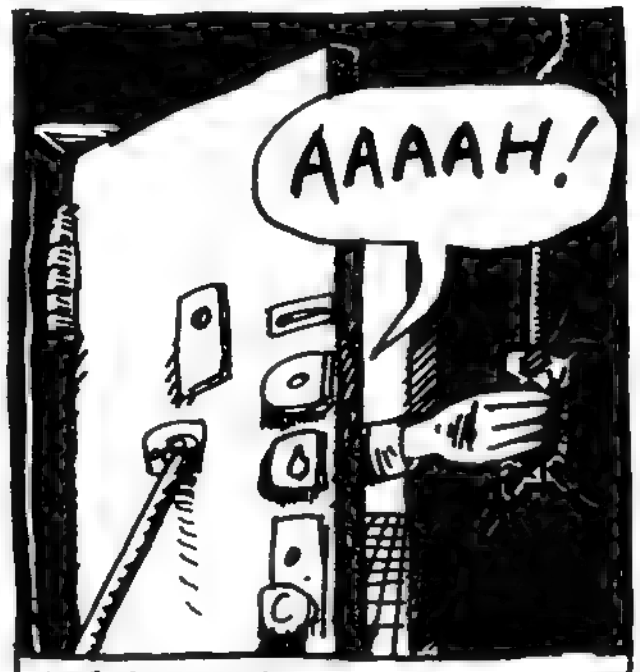

LISTEN TO ED PETERSON'S BOSS:
ED, YOU'VE GOT A GOOD JOB HERE AT THE DEODORANT FACTORY, I'D HATE TO SEE YOU BLOW IT ON SOMETHING AS ASININE AS PERSONAL PRIVACY.
PETERSON
PASS
FAIL
Dangle 1986 ©



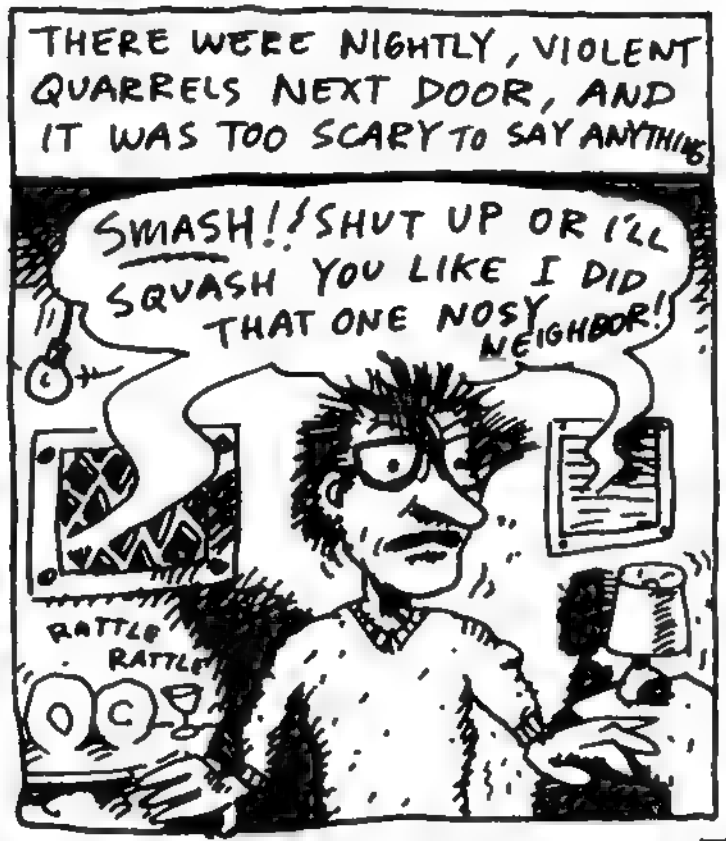


POSSIBLY MY **WORST** 'LIVING SITUATION'

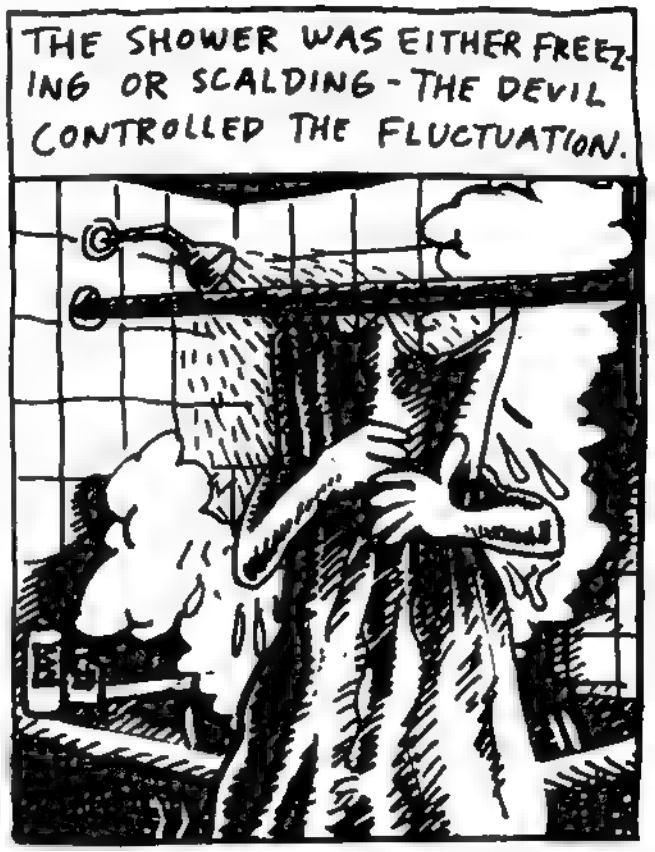
TRUE EXPERIENCES BY LLOYD DANGLE



THE COCKROACHES WERE WELL-ORGANIZED AND WOULD WAIT EN MASSE ON THE LIGHT SWITCH.


THERE WERE NIGHTLY, VIOLENT QUARRELS NEXT DOOR, AND IT WAS TOO SCARY TO SAY ANYTHING
SMASH!! SHUT UP OR I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE I DID THAT ONE NOSY NEIGHBOR!!
RATTLE RATTLE

ANYTHING ROUND OR ON WHEELS ROLLED TO ONE CORNER.



WHEN YOU ORDERED "REGULAR" COFFEE ACROSS THE STREET, YOU GOT TWO JOINTS IN A CUP FOR FIVE BUCKS.

ANYWHERE ELSE, WHEN YOU FALL VICTIM TO A CRIME, THE POLICE COME AND FILL OUT A REPORT.

BUT HERE, THE POLICE MAILED OUT THE BLANK FORMS.

I MOVED OUT APRIL 26, 1986. THE BUILDING COLLAPSED MAY 5. TRUE.

Bill Griff

His angel's

by J. Sacco

Bill Griffith's long and winding road to success—King Features syndication of daily Zippy the Pinhead *strips and a live-action Zippy movie in the making—has taken him through the heady days of the underground comix movement and beyond its ultimate collapse. Griffith, whose* Tales of Toad, Young Lust, *and* Griffith Observatory *are considered seminal works by underground aficionados, views the recent mainstream interest in Zippy —his most consistently perplexing and endearing character—without retroactive insecurities about artistic compromise. And any analysis of Zippy's 16-year history confirms that perhaps mainstream audiences have developed a taste for Zippy, because Griffith has certainly not watered down Zippy's flavor on their account.*

A native of New York state, Griffith moved to San Francisco in 1970 to be in on the burgeoning underground comix scene. He is now in his early 40s and married to Diane Noomin, a cartoonist herself, who co-wrote the Zippy movie screenplay with her husband.

JOE SACCO: *I'd like to know how you view the momentum you and Zippy have gathered in the last year or so with the mainstream syndication and the upcoming movie project. Are you surprised at all?*

BILL GRIFFITH: Yeah. But by my own perceptions, I haven't changed what I do. So the explanation can only be that the outside world—to whatever degree it has—is seeking out what I do. That surprises me a great deal, because I don't see what I do as being mainstream. Frankly, I don't think it will ever get as mainstream as something like *The Far Side* or *Bloom County*, even though they're both strange in their own, mainstream way. I don't think I'll ever achieve that kind of acceptance, but it is amazing to me that something as bizarre as *Zippy* can be surfacing in daily newspapers in Omaha and places like that. Of course, it remains to be seen whether *Zippy* will confuse readers to such a degree that it's just going to be a brief flirtation. But the movie—that makes more sense to me. That's not very surprising to me because Zippy has always been a living, breathing character to me. And it makes complete sense to me that he should be translated into film. It's been something I've wanted to have happen for about eight years.

SACCO: *To what do you attribute your success? Has something paved your way? Why are people coming around now?*

GRIFFITH: I think most of the reasons are media-connected. Maybe Americans are catching up with Zippy's disconnected qualities, his fractured attention-span, and his seemingly unrelated sentence structures. These things are hitting some kind of nerve in people, perhaps because of the incessant bombardment of information we're all subjected to every day. Zippy has a kind of healthy way of dealing with it that maybe people respond to. I don't know if they're responding consciously or whether it's an unconscious release mechanism that they get from reading *Zippy*. Perhaps that's combined with the acceptance of so-called absurdist humor that I deal in (which I don't think is absurd, but a lot of people say that). That acceptance was boosted by the post-hippie humor of the original *Saturday Night Live* show. Let's face it, people who wrote for *Saturday Night Live* wouldn't have been as zany had they not smoked marijuana for five years. So if you want to go back to what paved the way—things like that released people from linear thinking. Enough people, I hope, now accept humor that doesn't have a traditional structure. And that helps *Zippy* get more acceptance.

SACCO: *Now that* Zippy *is appearing in mainstream daily newspapers, what sort of response have you been getting? Is a new audience appreciating* Zippy?

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I get a lot of appreciative fan mail from people who just can't believe that *Zippy* is appearing in their daily paper.

SACCO: *Are these old fans?*

GRIFFITH: They don't always say. I would say a lot of them are new just because they seem kind of giddy about *Zippy*. It's obvious they're reading him for the first time. Other people are saying, "I've read it for years in undergrounds. It was always hard to find. Now it's in my daily paper, and that's great." On the other hand, a lot of people are writing to the papers that they're outraged. It's not pleasant to be told you're the scum of the earth by a trailer-park resident in Memphis, Tennessee,

Griffith

on a pinhead

Bill Griffith (on the right) relaxing at home. "Who's the guy in the 'clown suit'?"

Photograph by Lloyd Francis

© 1987 Bill Griffith
ZIPPY
"EYE, EYE, YI, YI..."
BILL GRIFFITH
ZIPPY & MARGARET KEANE (MASTER OF THE BIG-EYED MOPPET SCHOOL OF PAINTING) TAKE A LEISURELY STROLL..
MARGARET, IT MUST FEEL GOOD TO KNOW YOU BROUGHT THIS INTO TH' WORLD SOMETHING SO ROUND -- & SO WET..
YES, MY WORK IS FINALLY APPRECIATED.
I THINK IT'S THE EYES.. THEY SEEM TO BE SAYING SOMETHING.. SOMETHING ALMOST UNPRINTABLE.
A YEARNING BEYOND WORDS...
EVER SINCE "DONDI" WAS CANCELLED, I'VE FELT AN ACHING NEED INSIDE. I THINK IT'S SOMEWHERE BEHIND MY LEFT KNEE..
YES, ZIPPY. THERE IS A VOID BEHIND ALL OF OUR LEFT KNEES...
A VOID THAT CANNOT BE FILLED BY AEROBICS OR NUTRASWEET.. OR IMPORTED AUTOMOBILES.
A VOID SO WET, SO ROUND, ..SO ACHING.. IT MAKES ME WANT TO ASK FOR DOUBLE CHEESE..
ZIPPY
"FAMILY HOUR"
BILL GRIFFITH
SALE DOWN AT TH' HARDWARE STORE ON THOSE 33 GALLON HEFTY BAGS...
THE NEIGHBOR'S BOY'LL BE GOIN' INTO 7TH GRADE THIS WEEK.
RMMM! RMMM!!
I WAS JUST THINKING A LITTLE RAIN WOULD BE NICE.. YES.. A LITTLE RAIN..
SURE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT PORCH DOOR FIXED
POP?
DID WE PAY TH' NEWSBOY?
NOT 'TIL THURSDAY, HON'. IT'S ALWAYS THURSDAY.
YES, JUNIOR, WHAT IS IT?
POP, IS IT MY TURN TO FILL TH' BASEMENT WITH GREY POUPON & MUSTARD??
ZIPPY
"THE NEW ZIPPY"
BILL GRIFFITH
NAH...

Some recent examples of Griffith's syndicate *Zippy* strip, which is appearing in papers around the nation.

but I feel that shows I must be doing something right. After 15 years of doing Zippy for an audience that was ready to accept him, I'm doing Zippy for an audience that is sometimes completely confused and then hates Zippy. They don't get it. That's kind of nice in a way. It sort of justifies—I wonder sometimes if I'm changing, if I'm getting less and less individualistic. And then I get these letters and they make me feel better, even though I put my chin out there and it gets bopped. But I get enough positive feedback to keep me going.

SACCO: *Do you get tired of explaining Zippy, especially now that there's been a lot of media attention?*

GRIFFITH: I was for a while, but then, like with any questions you get asked often enough, you begin to have an answer you know people will like (*laughter*). You have little catch phrases. I get tired of it, but not to the point of not answering, because people have the right to ask such questions, especially if they've just been exposed to Zippy. I feel a paper in Shreveport, Louisiana, has every right to ask me who Zippy is. But the only way to understand Zippy is to read the strip for a period of months.

SACCO: *I agree. I think it's a cumulative effect.*

GRIFFITH: It's like brain damage. If you read enough, it will seep into your brain cells and make its changes without your being aware. All of a sudden you'll get up one morning and understand *Zippy* before you even read it.

SACCO: *What makes* Zippy *relevant today?*

GRIFFITH: It has a lot to do with these remote control devices for TVs. I think they have made a major impact on our society that's yet to be studied. We have the ability to sit in front of our information device, our stimulation device, and be able—not only able, but have this uncontrollable urge—to change the information we're receiving every five or ten seconds. Eight-five percent of the country has these things now. I think the way Zippy's mind works is very similar to the way a remote control device works on TV. It makes its own logic. Whether you're consciously aware of it or not, people in our society are rearranging reality in a non-linear, bizarro-world way, like a reversal image of what's really out there. I think it's possible that people will surpass even Zippy's non-sequitur personality pretty soon and find Zippy rather tame.

SACCO: *How do you think this will manifest itself? In someone's personality?*

GRIFFITH: Well, the attention span is the first to go, and that's been going on for years. However, I think there's a possible beneficial result of it all. Life and reality—to bring in two huge subjects—are not linear. They don't have logic. We force logic on them by believing in appointments and goals and that events have reasons for happening that ought to be traced back very specifically. When you believe all that, you're kidding yourself to a large degree, although you have to subscribe to some amount of it in order to survive in this culture. But Zippy breaks that up and shows you that the logic is a construction. That's the basis of Zippy's humor. I think the more that people are made aware of that, the healthier, ultimately, they'll be, although they'll go through a kind of shock process before they get that point. As heavy as I'm sounding, I'm really talking about humor, because humor is a release of anxiety or tension that's been built up either inside you before the joke got to you or built up by the joke and then released by the joke.

SACCO: *Are you saying that in some ways Zippy is saner than the world around him?*

GRIFFITH: I don't necessarily like to use the word sane, because that implies that insane is not preferable. Zippy isn't sane. He's nuts, but to be nuts is not necessarily an inappropriate response to the world. Of course, I'm being somewhat facetious, because I don't think people should go about their lives not accepting all the reality around us—because they would starve to death rather quickly. But a healthy awareness that what's around you is a construction is good. It lets you take things a little less seriously. I wish I could believe it as much myself as I tell other people to sometimes.

SACCO: *You haven't reached that ideal yourself?*

GRIFFITH: Not 24 hours a day. When I do, I'll probably retire and go live on a mountain somewhere.

SACCO: *You work really hard, don't you? You're putting out a daily strip.*

GRIFFITH: I work harder now than I ever have, even though I have always worked hard. It's the first time in my so-called career I feel like I have an actual job. The way the daily strip happened, I was contacted by the *San Francisco Examiner* and asked if I wanted to do a strip. They never said the word daily, so I thought they wanted my weekly strip. They said, "No, no, no! We're talking about a daily strip here." At first it was very hard because, like any cartoonist, I have good days and bad days. I sit down to work some days and I don't feel funny. Before I had the luxury of saying, "I'm not going to work today." Now I can't do that. At first I had a freak-out period, and then an adjustment period. And now it's easier to do the strip than it used to be. Tons easier.

SACCO: *Has the daily schedule made you*

© 1987 Bill Griffith

ZIPPY
THE PINHEAD
ZIPPY GOES SHOPPING FOR SUPPER AND RETURNS WITH 37 DEFECTIVE FLASH CUBES, A PLASTIC SAXOPHONE AND A SUBSCRIPTION TO "BOY'S LIFE".
I PURCHASE WHATEVER THEY TELL ME TO ON UHF-TV !!
COME ON DOWN!
ZIPPY REMAINS ON ONE STREETCORNER FOR 3 DAYS WAITING FOR THE "PED CROSSING"..
HI, GUYS 'N' GALS!!
NEXT, ZIPPY OFFERS SAGE ADVICE TO THE DOORMAN OF A FANCY PARK AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING . . .
WORLD WAR III CAN BE AVERTED BY ADHERENCE TO A STRICT DRESS CODE !!
ON LINE WAITING TO SEE "SUPERMAN II" A MEAN PERSON TELLS ZIPPY HE WILL EVENTUALLY GROW OLD AND DIE . . .
DOES THAT MEAN I CAN GO OFF MY DIET ??
ZIPPY BELIEVES HE IS PLAYING SCRABBLE WITH DORIS DAY AND WALTER CRONKITE. JUST THEN, FRANKIE AVALON ARRIVES & BURSTS INTO TEARS..
WANNNH!! WANNNH!!
IN LATVIA, THEY HAVE A NAME FOR THIS CONDITION !!
FINALLY, ZIPPY REMEMBERS HE WAS ONCE A DRUGGIST IN KANSAS CITY IN 1952...
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE JANE RUSSELL'S BRA??
IF IT'LL CURE BUNIONS!!
©1985 BILL GRIFFITH

An unpublished *Zippy* piece, with Zippy displaying characteristic charm and "remote control device" way of dealing with information.

better creatively?

GRIFFITH: Definitely. Some people—I would put Robert Crumb in this category—have a clear channel from their conscious mind to the art that comes out. There's no blocking. And I've always—for years—had to dredge it out of myself. I had to become a cartoonist out of an act of will when I started. It wasn't like a natural thing for me.

SACCO: *You actually started from a fine arts background?*

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I came to it from wanting to be a painter. And, without a grounding in comics at all, I had to learn to speak the language of comics through doing it. For me, hard work or consistent work was the way I got better. I was very lucky that I had the underground comix movement there. In the late '60s and early '70s, just about anything you did was printed. And there's no better way to learn how to be a better cartoonist than to see your work printed.

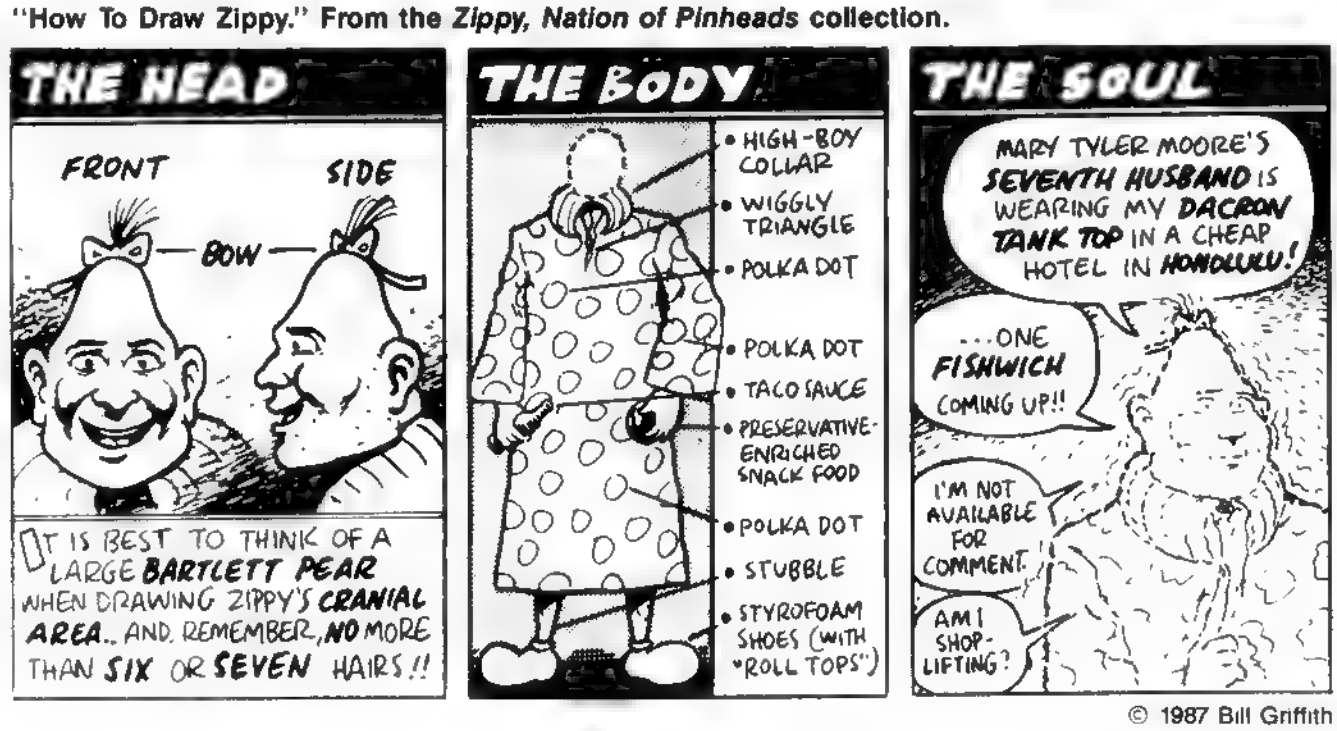
SACCO: *When did you start feeling that your thoughts were going directly onto the paper without blocking? Was that a sudden realization?*

GRIFFITH: No, it happened in spurts. It began to happen around the time of *Arcade* in '74 and '75. And then six months would go by and I'd feel just as creaky, and then something else would happen and I would feel better. It's something that builds. I think it has a lot to do with not censoring yourself and having confidence in yourself. I think inspiration comes to you through your uncritical right brain. It hits you, and then immediately, a millisecond later, your left brain is analyzing it: "No, that's not so good. Keep this part. Throw that part away. Make this part a little less strange." If you can stop your left brain from doing that, your inspirations will be pure. That's the beginning of having thoughts go directly from the inspiration point to the paper, in my case anyway. It doesn't mean that all the knowledge of the language of comics I've picked up doesn't come into play. You can't just spill out your brains on paper. You'll just do rambling nonsense. And that's another thing people very often mistake in my work. They think Zippy is spouting non-sequiturs that make no sense. That's not true at all. The non-sequiturs are actually very carefully orchestrated.

SACCO: *Do you spend a lot of time thinking about those?*

GRIFFITH: Sometimes I get a Zippy line that will just come into my head. And a strip will be built around that line. Other times I'm doing a more structured strip, and I need Zippy to say something to juxtapose his perspective on this very logical perspective, something that fits in perfectly, like yin and yang. And that can happen in two seconds, and it can take three hours. It's kind of like writing poetry. It's rhythm and pace and the

"How To Draw Zippy." From the *Zippy, Nation of Pinheads* collection.


THE HEAD
FRONT
SIDE
BOW
IT IS BEST TO THINK OF A LARGE BARTLETT PEAR WHEN DRAWING ZIPPY'S CRANIAL AREA.. AND, REMEMBER, NO MORE THAN SIX OR SEVEN HAIRS !!
THE BODY
• HIGH-BOY COLLAR
• WIGGLY TRIANGLE
• POLKA DOT
• POLKA DOT
• TACO SAUCE
• PRESERVATIVE-ENRICHED SNACK FOOD
• POLKA DOT
• STUBBLE
• STYROFOAM SHOES (WITH "ROLL TOPS")
THE SOUL
MARY TYLER MOORE'S SEVENTH HUSBAND IS WEARING MY DACRON TANK TOP IN A CHEAP HOTEL IN HONOLULU!
...ONE FISHWICH COMING UP!!
I'M NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT.
AM I SHOP-LIFTING?

© 1987 Bill Griffith

visual image that the words conjure up. All these things have to click for the so-called non-sequitur to make its own kind of sense.

SACCO: *It seems that to Zippy no one piece of information is more important than any other. Where do you get* your *information? Do you read or watch TV?*

GRIFFITH: I do both. I watch my dose. I don't think I watch the average. I think I watch about four hours a day.

SACCO: *Do you watch TV to come up with ideas?*

GRIFFITH: No. You know, the usual after-supper relaxing and checking out what's on. I have my little VCR, and I watch a lot of movies. That's my main interest in TV—movies. But I certainly do a lot of checking out. I'll be flipping the dial and come to a show on Latvian culture. I'll see what it's about. I got this from my father. He was like a walking encyclopedia. I like to gather seemingly useless bits of information. That's my hobby. And since I have an extreme need for useless bits of information in my work (*laughter*), it just comes in handy.

SACCO: *It's amazing how wide-ranging that information is.*

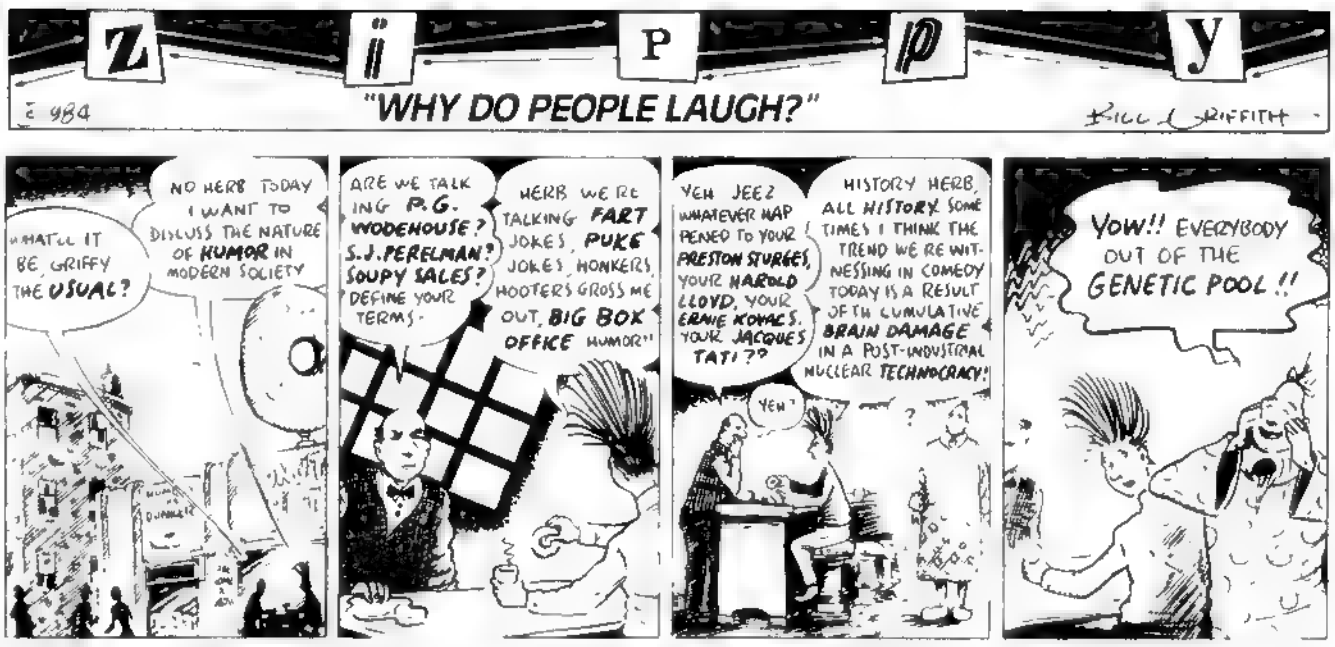
GRIFFITH: It's all bits. It's not like I'm an expert on anything. I'm just super-sensitive to the stuff, I guess. I think everyone else is, too, but maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm a mutant race. Maybe I'm picking up on things in a kind of neurotic way. Maybe I'm tuned in. Sometimes I'll be looking down the street as I'm walking, and I'll be reading every single word I can see. I'm cursed with 20/20 vision. Right up to the horizon, I can read a billboard. I'm doomed to pick up every bit of information that I can possibly be exposed to.

SACCO: *It's difficult to filter out everything but what is necessary.*

GRIFFITH: To Zippy, everything is necessary, and he doesn't have to filter it out.

SACCO: *He has your perfect eyesight, in a way.*

GRIFFITH: But none of my anxiety. He's my way of keeping sane. Someone asked Picasso why he produced such a huge amount of work, and he said, "If I didn't, it would block up in me like bad plumbing, and I'd be miserable." He was saying it was a reaction to all the ideas coming into his head to spit them back out again in the form of art. That's the way Zippy perceives things, and that's the way I work.


Z ii P p y
"WHY DO PEOPLE LAUGH?"
BILL GRIFFITH
WHATCHA GOT IT BE, GRIFFY THE USUAL?
NO HERB TODAY I WANT TO DISCUSS THE NATURE OF HUMOR IN MODERN SOCIETY
ARE WE TALKING P.G. WODEHOUSE? S.J. PERELMAN? SOUPY SALES? DEFINE YOUR TERMS.
HERB WE'RE TALKING FART JOKES, PUKE JOKES, HONKERS, HOOTERS GROSS ME OUT, BIG BOX OFFICE HUMOR!!
YEH JEEZ WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR PRESTON STURGES, YOUR HAROLD LLOYD, YOUR ERNIE KOVACS, YOUR JACQUES TATI??
HISTORY HERB, ALL HISTORY. SOMETIMES I THINK THE TREND WE'RE WITNESSING IN COMEDY TODAY IS A RESULT OF TH CUMULATIVE BRAIN DAMAGE IN A POST-INDUSTRIAL NUCLEAR TECHNOCRACY!
YEH?
YOW!! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE GENETIC POOL!!

Griffy gets a little serious. From the *Zippy, Pointed Behavior* collection.

1987 Bill Griffith

SACCO: *Let's change gears and talk about the movie deal. You and your wife, Diane Noomin, who is also a cartoonist—*

GRIFFITH: She does *DiDi Glitz*. I know it's slightly sexist to say, but women cartoonists have an ability to pull things out of their personal lives and just lay them on the page that I envy. I mean, Aline [Crumb] and Diane are two examples. Even some of the worst stuff in women's comics has that ability that I can't help but salute.

SACCO: *It's sort of disconcerting when you see how honest they can be. Anyway, what about this movie deal? Is it for sure?*

GRIFFITH: We've just finished the contracts. What's happened with the movie, to give you the quickie details, is that about three years ago, I was approached by three different movie producers. One worked for a Hollywood studio, and two were independents. Two of them were just out of the question for me—one because he had absolutely no money, and the studio because they just wanted "the guy in the polka-dotted suit." They didn't want what Zippy was. The third guy, David Smith, was offering just what I wanted, which was creative control. He optioned Zippy, and he commissioned the screenplay that I wrote with Diane, and paid me the usual rates. And he went out trying to look for the money to make the movie. And then one day last year—actually it was my idea—we sent the script to Michael Nesmith. I really liked Nesmith's movie *Repo Man*, and I met the director, Alex Cox, and he encouraged me to send Nesmith the script. So I did. At first Nesmith was kind of reluctant. He liked Zippy, but he didn't know if we had the right angle on the script yet. That's a process that takes a number of years. But he encouraged us, and, just about four or five months ago, he said, "Let's do it."

SACCO: *You and your wife wrote the script?*

GRIFFITH: Yeah, we're the only writers that can ever be hired. That's why we're doing it with Pacific Arts, Nesmith's company. I couldn't have gotten that with anybody else. We've had our meetings with other studios over the past couple of years, and they are true to every cliche you've ever heard. They're interested in product. They talk about their needs and the needs of the marketplace. These phrases come out of their mouths with no shame whatsoever. My chances of working out a contract with any one of them that would have given me any kind of real creative control would have been nil. They all saw Zippy as a star vehicle: "Get Robin Williams, and do this with a $12 million budget." So we had to go through that until we got to the point

A bit of commentary on the movie industry inspired by Griffith's own movie "wheeling and dealing."

ZIPPY
"GET ME THE COAST"
BILL GRIFFITH
SO, ZIP, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE? ARE WE IN TURNAROUND YET?
I THINK I'LL MAKE THE SEQUEL FIRST, THEN THE PREQUEL.. ..WE'LL JUST SKIP THE FIRST MOVIE ALTOGETHER!
WHAT'S TH' STORYLINE? I HOPE IT'S NOT FULL OF GRATUITOUS SEX & CAR CHASES..
GRATUITOUS SEX AND CAR CHASES ARE WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT, BLINKY!!
CORONA
PEOPLE WANT FILMS ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS TODAY.. LOVE, TRUST, FINDING A LITTLE HAPPINESS IN THIS CRAZY, MIXED-UP WORLD!
I LOVE MY AGENT, I TRUST MY ATTORNEY AND HAPPINESS I CAN BUY.. CIAO FOR NOW...
GRIFFY
HUH? WHO ARE YOU? ..AND WHO WAS THAT I WAS TALKING TO??
THAT WAS MY STUNT MAN... HE DOES ALL TH' MAJOR INTERVIEWS!
IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE..
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1987 Bill Griffith

where we knew what we really wanted. And luckily Michael Nesmith came through with an offer that really made sense to us. The budget is about $4 million, so it will be a respectable low-budget movie.

SACCO: *So it's really on the way.*

GRIFFITH: It's just a matter of me and Diane finishing the rewrite while our producer is out looking for a cast and a director. And I have a good amount of approval over all that stuff. I'm co-producer and art director. If it makes it, I can take a lot of credit. And if it flops, they can blame me.

SACCO: *When do you expect to have it filmed?*

GRIFFITH: I'm hoping for a late '87 release. I'd like it to go between the summer and Christmas-time, because that's where an odd movie like Zippy belongs. Putting him up against the latest Steven Spielberg extravaganza is not a good idea. And at Christmas you have the Eddie Murphy movie of the year. I'd like to put Zippy out when college students go back to school.

SACCO: *Can you give us an idea of the basic plot?*

GRIFFITH: It's an adventure comedy. There's a real solid, reality-based, albeit exaggerated reality, story that involves characters who are created especially for the movie. Zippy lives in a boarding house in a kitsch American landscape, and through the other characters you get to know who Zippy is. That's a major hurdle, because you can't assume that everyone knows who Zippy is. There's conflict (*laughter*). Human interest. It has somewhat of a similar quality, plot-wise, to some of my earlier stories for *High Times* magazine, where I would put Zippy in a very dark world, a world where there's bad guys and good guys. People are trying to get things out of other people. And Zippy is the monkey wrench in the works. Zippy, through being Zippy, turns everything upsidedown. But we're minimizing the plot and maximizing it as a character movie, a movie about Zippy and the people around him and how they relate to each other.

SACCO: *If it's successful, we can probably expect to see Zippy on the cover of* People *magazine. Do you ever think of those things?*

GRIFFITH: All I can say is that Zippy is ready for major success. I'm not (*laughter*). And that's the great part about doing the movie. Once the actor for Zippy is hired, he can be my front man. He can do the interviews on *Letterman*. I can just watch it at home and tape it on my VCR and amuse myself later.

SACCO: *Let's shift gears again and talk about what intitially inspired Zippy. I've read that you saw the movie* Freaks—

GRIFFITH: I think that's what planted the idea of doing a pinhead character.

SACCO: *And you've actually met some pinheads?*

GRIFFITH: Yes. Back in the mists of the '70s. "Pinhead" is a sideshow term, of course. The real name is microcephalic. I met one in about '71 or '72 when I was just starting Zippy. That was sort of an accidental meeting, where I was visiting a friend of mine in Connecticut. He was a cab driver, and he picked up this guy every day to take him to work. When he picked me up at the train station, he'd already picked up this guy. I quickly realized he was microcephalic, which is fairly obvious from their small domes. A microcephalic is very short and has a very small head. Anyway, he

Special Bonus Interview!

ZIPPY RAPS WITH GRIFFY

moderated by Bill Griffith

Griffy: *Zippy, what's that you're reading? Are you ready for this interview?*

Zippy: It's the *Eleganza* catalog for 1974. Claude says seven-inch platform shoes were the high point of Western civilization.

Griffy: Honk! *readers don't want to hear about platform shoes. They want to know what's with the stubble. Is it symbolic, or what?*

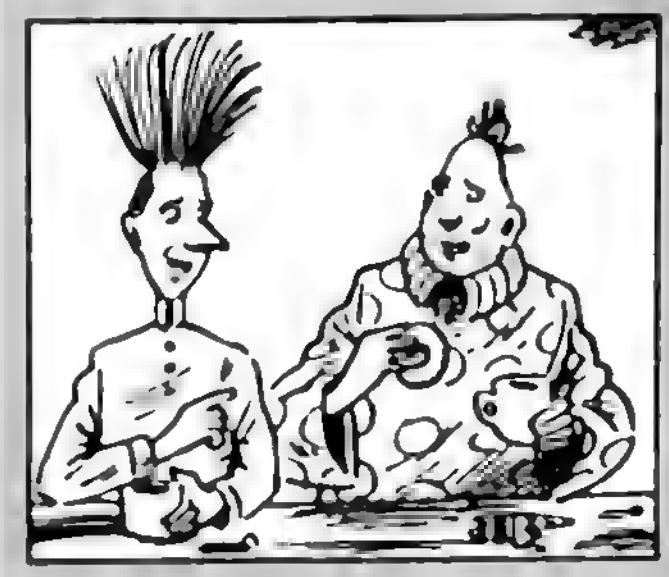
Zippy: I had stubble 11 years before Don Johnson donned his first prom jacket. It symbolized my desire for fettucine alfredo.

Griffy: *How old are you, Zippy?*

Zippy: I was 35 in September. Then I was 14 in April. Then, on "Blame Someone Else Day" in Iceland, I was 23. Are we getting serious yet?

Griffy: *What's your favorite rock group?*

Zippy: Patti Labelle and the Bluebelles played at 78 RPM. Also, The Angry Samoans.



before they got into Jim Nabors.

Griffy: *You've run for president in the past two national elections. How did you do?*

Zippy: I won.

Griffy: *What are your hobbies?*

Zippy: Collecting defective tupperware and mispronouncing "reeboks."

Griffy: *Do you have an IRA?*

Zippy: I have an IRA, three KEOGHs, and a very dry martini. I get emotional whenever I think about the trade deficit or Belgium.

Griffy: *Some people don't understand your sense of humor. Explain yourself.*

Zippy: My sense of humor is located somewhere between downtown Constantinople and Sammy Davis Jr.'s Nehru jacket. Some people are unable to follow my train of thought. They lose track as I whiz by, covered with graffiti and taco sauce. *My* problem is, I don't understand Funky Winkerbean! But don't worry, the side effects should wear off in nine or ten years, whichever comes first.

Griffy: *Do you watch much TV?*

Zippy: Vanna White and I have done insane things with five consonants and one vowel. *My* wardrobe once had power brunch with *her* wardrobe.

Griffy: *What is your biggest secret desire?*

Zippy: I want to know what "Dweeb," "Squid," and "Waldo" really mean.

Griffy: *What do you worry about most?*

Zippy: I get depressed when I think about Teddy Ruxpin's merchandising clout. That and the fact that the universe is imploding faster than you can say "Marvin Hamlisch."

Griffy: *Marvin Hamlisch?*

Zippy: Marvin Hamlisch, Marvin Hamlisch, Marvin Hamlisch.

Griffy: *Is this the best of all possible worlds?*

Zippy: It will be as soon as I can stockpile enough Dove bars. We're all put on this planet for *one* reason.

Griffy: *(Pause)... Yes? One reason? What is it?*

Zippy: To give interviews.

Griffy: *What's your favorite sense?*

Zippy: I don't have one of my own.

Griffy: *You have someone else's favorite sense?*

Zippy: Yes. Beethoven's sixth.

Griffy: *That was a punchline. I didn't expect such a normal reaction from you.*

Zippy: When I'm under extreme stress, I become temporarily rational. The only cure is laundry.

Griffy: *You want to do your laundry? Now?*

Zippy: Don't watch. Laundry is not a pretty thing.

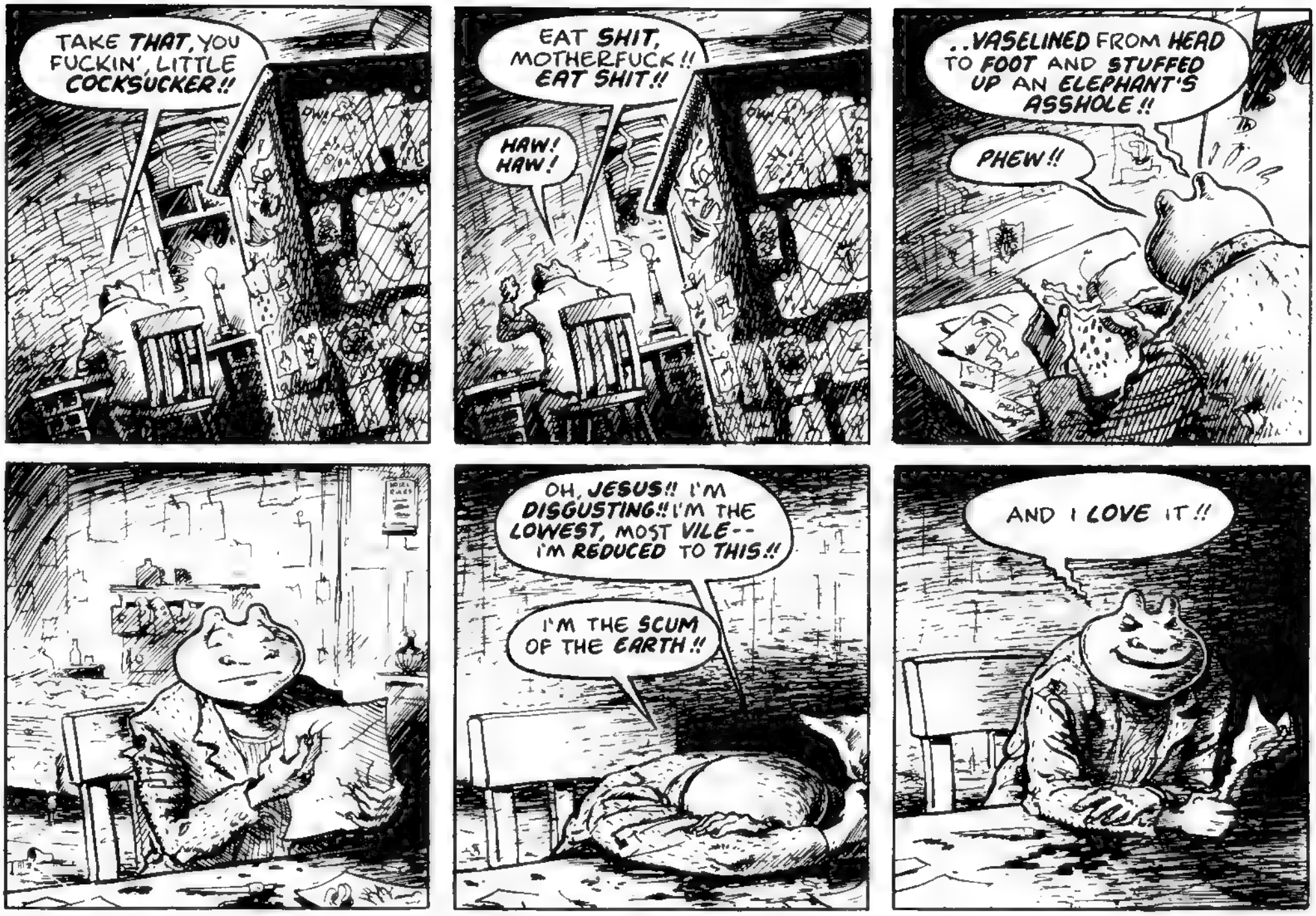
Griffy: *Well, thanks for your time. It's been a tax-deductible experience. How's the laundry doing?*

Zippy: It was just optioned for a mini-series on NBC.

Griffy: *Any final words?*

Zippy: If you can't say something nice, say something surrealistic.

Art and article © 1987 Bill Griffith


TAKE THAT, YOU FUCKIN', LITTLE COCKSUCKER!!
EAT SHIT, MOTHERFUCK!! EAT SHIT!!
HAW! HAW!
..VASELINED FROM HEAD TO FOOT AND STUFFED UP AN ELEPHANT'S ASSHOLE!!
PHEW!!
OH, JESUS!! I'M DISGUSTING!! I'M THE LOWEST, MOST VILE-- I'M REDUCED TO THIS!!
I'M THE SCUM OF THE EARTH!!
AND I LOVE IT!!

Mr. Toad, the embodiment of ego, in an introspective moment. From *Arcade* #7.

1987 Bill Griffith

sat in the back seat with me, and I looked at him, and he looked at me, and he said, "Are you still an alcoholic?" He was going from one thing to the next in rapid succession with a huge vocabulary, and I was so knocked out I couldn't even laugh. The humor was registering, but it was happening so quickly—the absurdity of everything he was saying, the strange interconnectedness of it all that didn't make any sense, was so intense that after it was over I was dizzy. And I wanted to see him again. I called up his house, but his father wouldn't let me talk to him. His father said I was making fun of him. It was really sad. I couldn't get through at all. I couldn't convince his father that I was interested in his son as a person, not as a specimen, but as an enlightened being. This did not compute with his father. But two or three years later I met a whole bunch of them, which was very frightening, in a very liberal institution here in the Bay Area.

SACCO: *Did you visit the institution for that express purpose?*

GRIFFITH: Yes, with the illusion I could interview them. I even brought a tape recorder. A friend of mine was a nurse in this place, and she told me I could go and that it was a very experimental place. She said that they don't separate the sexes. And I asked, "Why is that so liberal?" She said, "Well, microcephalics are very sexual." They just don't have that censoring thing. And they don't keep them apart. So they're always in the halls fucking. So she said I should be ready for that. But I wasn't prepared for the way they deal with outsiders, which is—they climb on you. They're very little and they're very talkative. You've seen *Freaks*?

SACCO: *Yes, I have.*

GRIFFITH: Do you remember that scene at the beginning where Tod Browning, the director, is in a little idyllic country setting, and all the circus freaks are dancing around him? The pinheads are clinging to him very affectionately, and he's stroking their heads and looks very fatherly. Well, that's what they did to me, except it wasn't as idyllic. They ran for me and jumped all over me, basically wrestled me to the ground, and my tape recorder immediately was smashed. Not that they were being aggressive or hostile. They were being affectionate: "Oh, a new human! Let's explore his every crevice!" And not only were they physical, but they were talking a mile a minute. And so I spent 15 minutes in a completely altered-conscious state in that place, without any ability to do something as logical as interview them or gain a perspective on their lives. I was just inundated by them. Actually, it was a big education for me.

SACCO: *Did it scare you off from doing Zippy? Did it make you think twice about it?*

GRIFFITH: It briefly dried me up. I had to digest it for a few weeks. Until then, except for that brief encounter with the other pinhead, I was sort of making up what a pinhead was. And what I did realize after a while was that I had to continue to make it up, because to deal with the way an actual pinhead is, even though it was an inspiration for me to see them, would be an assault on people. It

Mr. Toad exploits the masses. From *Arcade* #6.

© 1987 Bill Griffith

STEP RIGHT UP, GENTS!! NO CROWDING!! NOW, YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A QUALITY, DEPENDABLE, PRECISION-BUILT, PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RADIO, BUT YOU'VE NEVER COME ACROSS A MODEL WITH ALL THE FEATURES YOU WANT AT A PRICE THAT DIDN'T PUT YOU IN THE POORHOUSE?"
SEARCH NO MORE, MY FRIENDS" I HAVE THAT MODEL AND IT'S YOURS FOR UNDER THREE DOLLARS"
THAT'S RIGHT" UNDER 3 DOLLARS"
ONE AT A TIME, BOYS -- ONE AT A TIME!!!
THE END

would make an interesting strip as a one-pager once in a while, but it's just too fractured. It was an overwhelming experience.

SACCO: *It sounds like it. Zippy actually started as a companion to Mr. Toad, right? That's when you walked into the Print Mint and—*

GRIFFITH: I said, "Here's my comic." And they said, "Well, is it drawn to the right size?" And I said, "Gee, I hope so." And they said, "Well, this page isn't drawn to the right size." I said, "Okay, I'll fix it." Actually, I walked in with 28 pages, not realizing I had to have 32. So I went back to my hotel and did four pages that night. Which shows you how insane it was in those days. That was my introduction to comics. (Well, I had been doing stuff for the *East Village Other* and *Screw* in New York.) But I came out [to San Francisco] because this is where the comic books were happening.

SACCO: *Tell us something about the Mr. Toad character.*

GRIFFITH: Well, I think he reflected my intermediary period between adolescence and adulthood. I had a lot of anger, I think. I wasn't so angry that I didn't see humor in anger, but the basic point of view of Mr. Toad towards the world was "Get out of my way," which is the attitude a lot of underground cartoonists had at that time. It's a partial explanation for some of Crumb's characters and a lot of S. Clay Wilson's. You still see it around today. Peter Bagge has an element of it—more of it when he started out. But there's a certain charm in Mr. Toad. The Mr. Toad character came out of the children's book *The Wind in the Willows*, and his personality in that book has a relatioh to the Mr. Toad that I did, which is ego triumphing over everything around him. It's an archetype. You see your most hostile, most aggressive instincts in that character. But after doing it for a few years, I grew out of it. I felt the real need to have some character that would soften that, that would be his sidekick, his opposite. That's where Zippy came from. Zippy was my desire to do a character with no ego whatsoever, who didn't even have the concept of what an ego was. It just coincided with the comic book *Real Pulp* #1 in 1970. Robert Brand was editing that and he wanted me to do a *Young Lust*-type story, but with really weird characters. So I was thinking, "What's the weirdest character I can do?" I was talking to another underground cartoonist, Jim Osborne, and he had a collection of freak photos. I was looking through them and I saw these pinheads, and it clicked with my memory of the film *Freaks*. The story I did was a weird love triangle about two pinheads and a normal person called "I Fell for a Pinhead But He Made a Fool Out of Me." And that's where Zippy came from. At that point I called him Danny, and he looked very much like a real microcephalic. He was short and had a smaller head, but he spoke somewhat like Zippy. And six months later, when I started to feel the need to give Mr. Toad an egoless sidekick, it came to me that I could use this pinhead character. Within about two or three years, around 1972 or 1973, Zippy had totally taken over from Mr. Toad. But I still use Mr. Toad today. It's like letting an animal out of a cage. It's kind of scary. You have to do it once in a while to scare yourself.

SACCO: *So you feel you went through a personal change when Zippy started to take over?*

GRIFFITH: I think so. I think I got a little more secure in who I was, and a little less afraid of comics. Justin Green and I were both in the same kind of position in the beginning. We were so aware that we were struggling so hard to be cartoonists. I mean, we enjoyed

Mr. Toad employs his antithesis, Zippy, for some product testing. From *Zippy, Special 2-in-1 Issue*.

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GIMME AN ERRAND, BOSS!!
I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU, ZIPPY, PAL--
FIRST, HAVE A NICE SPOONFUL OF THIS DELICIOUS POLYSORBATE 80!! GOOD, HUH??
MMMM!!
©1977 BILL GRIFFITH
...AND AS LONG AS I'VE GOT YOU HERE--
DIETHYL GLUC 68
ALDE-HYDE C-17
BENZYL ACETATE XXX
SOON...
URP!!
CARBX-METHYL CELLULOSE
©1977 BILL GRIFFITH
NOW DIG IN TO THIS PLATE OF HORMONE-SOAKED PORKCHOPS!! --LIKE 'EM??
GMF!
AND RINSE IT ALL DOWN WITH A TALL, COOL GLASS OF RED DYE AND SACCHARINE!!
GLUG!!
IS ZIP A PETROLEUM BY-PRODUCT?
PAL, YOU'VE NOW CONSUMED THE TOTAL QUANTITY OF FOOD ADDITIVES AN AVERAGE AMERICAN POURS DOWN HIS GULLET IN A LIFETIME!!
THANK YOU.
GIVE HIM THE USUAL RANGE OF EXAMINATIONS, DOC.. THEN SEND HIM BACK UP HERE!!
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, SIR!!
OH, YEH, AND SEE HE GETS HIS FAVORITE DINNER— 3 SIRLOIN STEAKS AND A CONTAINER OF COOL WHIP!!

© 1987 Bill Griffith

FROM THE MOMENT I FIRST MET HIM, HE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL TO ME...HE WASN'T LIKE THE OTHER GUYS I DATED. DANNY HAD STYLE..
MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!!
DANNY
OF COURSE HE WAS HANDI-CAPPED. BUT IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, AREN'T WE ALL? HE'D SUFFERED SO LONG...
DEAREST! WHEN WILL YOU OPEN UP AND LET ME HELP!?

The first ever appearance of Zippy—here known as Danny. From *Real Pulp Comics* #1.

it and we liked being printed and having an audience, but we were super aware of how much we had to learn and how hard it was. And as it got a little easier, into the early '70s, I felt less anxiety about it all. So maybe Mr. Toad's personality in me started to fade a little. But I still hadn't really developed who Zippy was. That took a few years to happen. Cartoonists who have continuing characters obviously are expressing their own persona or their many personae. They tend to develop a relationship with their characters that is obviously a dialogue with themselves. Obviously, I'm satisfying some need in myself to continue talking through Zippy.

SACCO: *Let's talk about your other projects* —Young Lust, Arcade, *and* Griffith Observatory.

GRIFFITH: I was lucky because I did *Young Lust* early in my struggling career, and it was a real big hit. The first issue of *Young Lust* came out in October 1970, and it's been through several dozen printings. I started getting a monthly check right away. And *Tales of Toad*, of course, was nothing near that. I thought of *Young Lust* as just a one-shot parody of girls' romance comics when I started it with Jay Kinney. When it became a big seller, we decided to do more and get other artists. Issue #2 was still fairly much a parody, but less so stylistically. And by #3, it became a social satire on male-female or sexual relationships. *Young Lust* showed me I could make a living at this racket.

SACCO: *When did* Young Lust *start to fade out of your life?*

GRIFFITH: In terms of my needs as an artist, it faded within a few years, although when we did *Young Lust* #4 in color, in '74, that was a big boost. So I guess it was after that, actually, when *Arcade* picked up.

SACCO: *That was a collaboration with Art Spiegelman.*

GRIFFITH: Yeah. We saw a real need for underground comics to have some kind of life raft. We thought we'd provide, first, a place for underground cartoonists to do their work, because it was getting harder to get published, and, second, a place to jump out of the underground audience to a wider audience, which only minimally happened. Print Mint never had enough of a budget to push *Arcade* the way *Weirdo* is pushed by Last Gasp.

SACCO: Arcade *was a very strong magazine.*

GRIFFITH: Well, we were demanding what Art demands of people he puts into *RAW*, that everybody do his best work. But the reaction in the marketplace was basically slight interest and then disinterest. *Arcade* didn't fit. It was a bastard form. It wasn't a comic book; it wasn't a magazine; it didn't have advertising; it didn't have coated stock—all the things you're supposed to have to break into the newsstand distribution world. We were asking to be put next to *National Lampoon* and the Warren publications, *Creepy* and *Eerie*, and we briefly got there, but not for long. One distributor that took us briefly didn't sell the numbers they wanted, so that was the end of that. And then *Comix Book* came along from Marvel, edited by Denis Kitchen, which tried—in a crass sort of way, I thought—to do what we were trying to do with more integrity. It got wide distribution because it was put through the Marvel system, but they didn't make it either. And distributors were looking at *Arcade* as an imitation of *Comix Book*, even though we'd already been around for over a year.

SACCO: *Were you very disappointed with what happened to* Arcade?

GRIFFITH: Yes. We took it pretty hard at the time. Looking back, I see it was all very logical that it happened that way. We were trying to buck a system that was so rigid and still is. We were trying to gain some middle ground between undergrounds and the mainstream distribution system, and it didn't exist. We thought we could make it exist, but not with one magazine you can't. It was artistically a success and financially a failure. But that's okay.

SACCO: *Did you worry at all that the underground comix scene had really finished? Did you feel that the audience had dried up, too? And that Zippy wouldn't—*

GRIFFITH: Yeah. It was a frightening time. I mean, *Arcade* started out of a need to reestablish an audience because a lot of the audience for early undergrounds had drifted away. When we didn't make it commercially, I retreated back to *Zippy*, which was probably the healthiest thing I could have done at the time. *Arcade* was a group effort. We were all trying to pull together, but Art, Diane, and I were largely the ones that were pulling. It was a tremendous drain. In college the first week of freshman year was called hell week. This was like hell year. The amount of work we had to put into it never stopped. The fact that it wasn't commercially successful just kind of made me want to hole up in my studio for a while. But I had no choice. I do what I do. What else can I do but keep being a cartoonist? Out of a sort of compulsiveness, as well as feeling that there was no other thing I was suited to, I just kept doing it. I still had *Young Lust* and a few other ways of making money, so I wasn't totally broke. And luckily the Rip Off syndicate came along a year after *Arcade* died, so I was able to have some steady place to put stuff, and I always had access to the publishers out here. My way of making ends meet with comics was always to produce a lot of work. Aside from *Young Lust*, if I couldn't do something that was going to be a big hit, at least I could do a lot of things so I could

Griffith's *Young Lust* #6 contained this gem about...well, you know—young lust.

MARGE
'AFTERNOON, MA'AM I'M FROM THE CENSUS BUREAU..YOU FERGOT T'ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS ON YOUR FORM--
HMMM- OH, REALLY? WELL YOU'VE CAUGHT ME AT A RATHER AWKWARD TIME BUT DO COME IN!!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, WITH YOUR BUSINESS, YOUNG MAN DON'T MIND ME--
UH WELL ARE THERE ANY FILIPINO MALES UNDER AGE 8 LIVING IN TH' HOUSEHOLD?
ANSWER HIM, SLAVE!!
MNUH!
BELLA SAYS MNUH..
UM HAS ANY FAMILY MEMBER PURCHASED A WASHER-DRYER N THE LAST 6 MONTHS?
NOPE
DO EITHER OF YOU PLAN ON RE-FINISHING TH' ATTIC THIS YEAR?
GIVE ME A HAND HERE WILL YOU, SKINNY?
HRCH!!
NOW BRING ME THE TURTLE WAX, BELLA AND THE INSTAMATIC!!
GNMPH ANY GREAT AUNTS OR RETIRED SIBLINGS LIV NG IN MOBILE HOMES?

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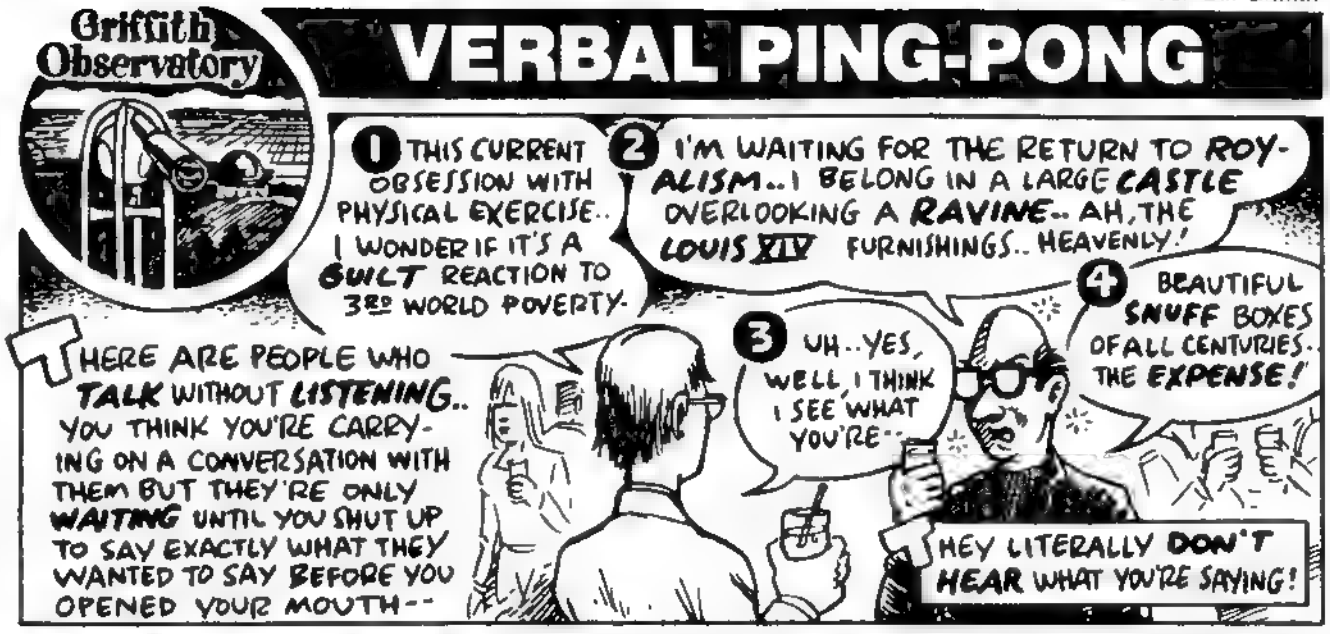
Griffith Observatory
VERBAL PING-PONG
1 THIS CURRENT OBSESSION WITH PHYSICAL EXERCISE.. I WONDER IF IT'S A GUILT REACTION TO 3RD WORLD POVERTY.
2 I'M WAITING FOR THE RETURN TO ROY-ALISM.. I BELONG IN A LARGE CASTLE OVERLOOKING A RAVINE.. AH, THE LOUIS XIV FURNISHINGS.. HEAVENLY!
3 UH..YES, WELL, I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU'RE..
4 BEAUTIFUL SNUFF BOXES OF ALL CENTURIES.. THE EXPENSE!
THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO TALK WITHOUT LISTENING.. YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRY-ING ON A CONVERSATION WITH THEM BUT THEY'RE ONLY WAITING UNTIL YOU SHUT UP TO SAY EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED TO SAY BEFORE YOU OPENED YOUR MOUTH--
HEY LITERALLY DON'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

THE SAME PHENOMENON OCCURS WHEN DISCUS-SING MATTERS OF A PAINFUL, PERSONAL NATURE WITH ONE'S PROGENITORS--
MOTHER, I'M HAVING A SEVERE IDENTITY CRISIS..I WITHDREW MY I.R.A. ACCOUNT & SPENT IT ALL ON ITALIAN SHOES--
THEY HAVE SOME VERY GORGEOUS STYLES ON SALE AT KINNEY'S HERE IN TAMPA-

Griffith Observatory
SPOTTING ALIEN BEINGS
LIEN BEINGS HAVE MOVED AMONG US SINCE JUNE 24, 1947. HERE ARE A FEW HANDY HINTS ON HOW TO FIND THEM, TAG THEM AND SELL THEM USED CARPETS..
I'M SORRY, I CAN'T REVEAL MY FINANCIAL HOLDINGS TO A CREATURE FROM OUTSIDE MY OWN SOLAR SYSTEM--
HOW DID YOU GUESS?
THE WIDE LAPELS-THEY'RE A DEAD GIVE-AWAY!!
I.R.S. TAX AUDITOR

OF COURSE, THERE'S AL-WAYS THE OLD "EAR PROTRUDING FROM THE HAIR" CHARACTERISTIC..
TYPICAL VENUSIAN
YOU CAN ASSUME MOST STEREO SALES MEN ARE "NOT OF THIS WORLD"..
CHEAP VINYL TOPPER COVERING TELL-TALE ALIEN DOME--
I CAN CONTROL ALL MODEM OP-ERATIONS USING ONLY A MONOLITH-IC DIGITAL LOOP INTERFACE!!
AND, INEVITABLY ANY ONE WHO KNOWS ANY-THING ABOUT COMPUTERS IS FROM PLUTO..
IF ALL ELSE FAILS, SIMPLY CHECK THE LABEL INSIDE THEIR COLLAR--
ULP.
ALL ALIEN GAR-MENTS ARE "MADE IN KOREA"..

keep money coming in as well as keep myself going. So the idea of quitting or stopping never occurred to me. It seemed that all I had to do was retreat into my own work more after *Arcade*.

SACCO: *And it was about this time you launched* Griffith Observatory?

GRIFFITH: Well, I started doing that in '76 through the Rip Off Press syndicate, which is also where I started syndicating *Zippy*.

SACCO: *You were doing two syndicated pieces at once?*

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I was alternating *Zippy* with *Griffith Observatory*. That kept up for four years, and I collected the *Griffith Observatorys* and put them in a book. The Rip Off syndicate died in 1980, and I asked for the list of papers taking *Zippy* so I could keep doing it.

SACCO: *And you dropped* Griffith Observatory *at that point?*

GRIFFITH: I dropped the *Observatory* because *Zippy* was the one they wanted. I've always intended to do the *Observatory* again someday, but so far, in its pure form, it hasn't happened. When people ask me what happened to that, I say, "It's still going on because I've incorporated it into *Zippy*." And I use the Griffy character quite a bit in *Zippy*, with his penchant for obsessive viewing and observation of everything around him.

SACCO: *When I started picking up undergrounds in the late '70s, the* Griffith Observatory *collection was my favorite because it sums up the mid-'70s so well.*

GRIFFITH: It was a great time to caricature things because everything was so exaggerated. Now everything is fairly conservative, but in the '70s everybody was flipping out. Everybody was walking around with a clown suit on, just asking to be lampooned and caricatured. It was a great mine for satirists.

SACCO: *In one of your* Observatory *panels, you predicted that nostalgia for the late '60s and early '70s would sweep the country, and I think that's starting to happen.*

GRIFFITH: '70s nostalgia? I dread the moment, but it's going to happen (*laughter*). I think Prince has already started it. He's wearing platform shoes.

SACCO: *(Laughter.) I think that's because he has to. Anyway, when did you start to feel that things were beginning to work out for you?*

GRIFFITH: I started sensing *Zippy* starting to build around '76 or '77. I realized I had a cult following, which was better than no following. An artist needs some encouragement. And little by little it just picked up, until Zippy took over both right and left brain (*laughter*).

SACCO: *It must be gratifying after all this time, and the struggle, to feel that a large segment of people have come around.*

GRIFFITH: Sure. I still feel that there's a lot of struggle and hard work going on, but I'm luckier to have had it happen to me in this slow way, as opposed to overnight success. When overnight success happens, a person tends to burn out rather rapidly. Of course, a lot of overnight successes have ten years of work behind their overnight success. I think the slow haul, the way it's happened to me, has kept the work from pandering to an audience. To me the worst thing a cartoonist can do—or any artist—is to consider the audience while he's working. And if I ever sit down and think that, then there's no reason to do it.

LEFT: *Griffith Observatory* makes a reappearance in the *Are We Having Fun Yet?* book. BELOW: From the *Griffith Observatory* comic.

..IT STARTED INNO-CENTLY ENOUGH-- ..THERE WAS AN AD IN TH' PAPER--
HEY, LISTEN TO THIS, LOUIE!! "FOR SALE: HILLTOP OB-SERVATORY, ISOLATED A GREAT, LITTLE FIXER-UPPER: IDEAL FOR 'ARTISTIC' TYPE"!!
..I'VE GOTTA MOVE ANY-WAY...
SOUND LIKE YOUR STYLE, HAIRHEAD!!

..YESSIR.. IT'S GOT CHARM.. ..AND, WITH A LITTLE IMAG-INATION..OF COURSE, THE TELESCOPE IS A BIT RUSTY.. ..BUT..
OH, THE TELESCOPE ISN'T IMPORTANT.. HOW SOON CAN I TAKE POSSESSION??
..IT'S POINTIN' WRONG WAY!!

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Even working for King Features—that thought is in the back of my head, because I know that all of a sudden I'm [appearing in] Omaha. But it can't, and it doesn't, have any effect on what I do. It just can't. I've been doing it too long the way I do it. I didn't start out saying, "Hmmm, what can I do to really appeal to the mainstream? I know! A character with polka dots and a tapered head and a five o'clock shadow! And make him say non-sequiturs! Yeah, that's just what America wants!" That isn't how it happened. That isn't how it's going to develop. Zippy is my mission in life.

SACCO: *Will you continue to work with your Zippy character throughout your career?*

GRIFFITH: Right now that's how I think. I have had some people say I have done everything I can, that I'm repeating myself.

Griffith Observatory
CLOTHES THAT WEAR PEOPLE
THE POPULAR, DOWN-FILLED SKI-JACKET OVERWHELMS IT'S WEARER WITH THE "PNEUMATIC" LOOK.. THE SLIPPERY, NYLON MATERIAL ADDS ANOTHER REPULSIVE QUALITY TO THIS GARMENT.
STAR WARS
©1977 BILL GRIFFITH

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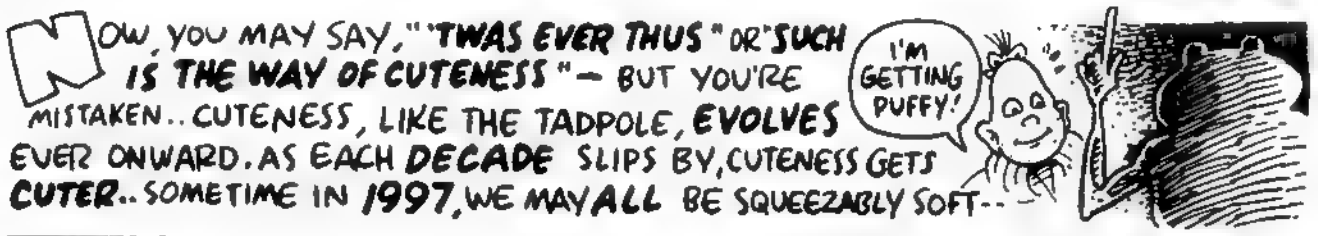

NOW, YOU MAY SAY, "'TWAS EVER THUS" OR "SUCH IS THE WAY OF CUTENESS" — BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN.. CUTENESS, LIKE THE TADPOLE, EVOLVES EVER ONWARD. AS EACH DECADE SLIPS BY, CUTENESS GETS CUTER.. SOMETIME IN 1997, WE MAY ALL BE SQUEEZABLY SOFT--
I'M GETTING PUFFY!

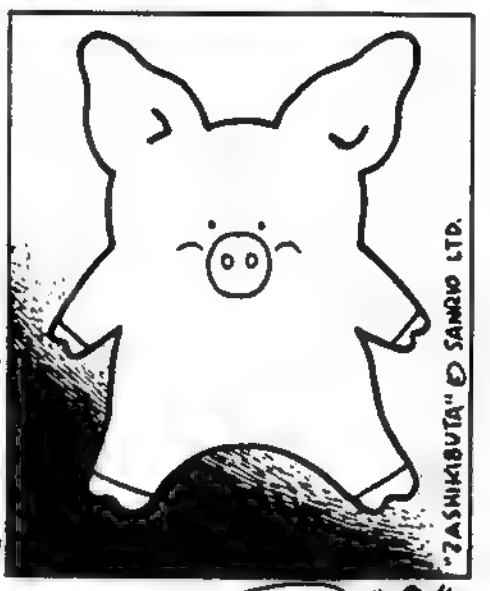
The CUTENESS AS WE KNOW IT WAS JUST GETTING ITS START IN THE 1930s.. TURN O' THE CENTURY GRAPHIC STYLES STILL PREDOMINATED--

The THE TENSIONS OF WORLD WAR II WERE ASSUAGED WITH A COMFORTING, VAGUELY SEXUAL KIND OF COY CUTENESS--

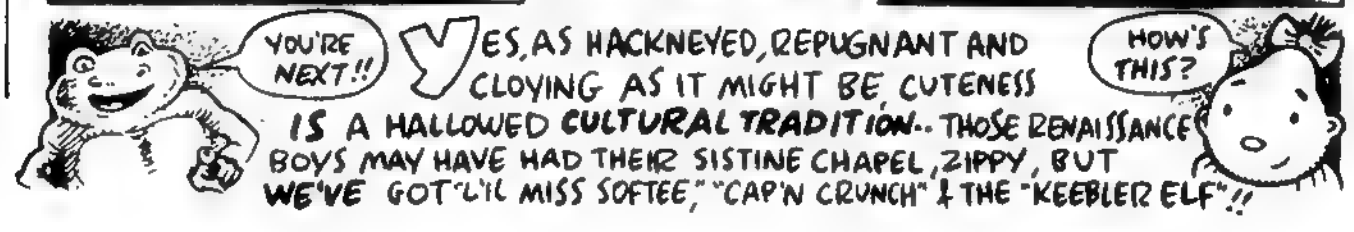
The THE FEISTY 'FIFTIES GAVE US COCKY CUTENESS AND MARK THE CULMINATION OF THE CARICATURE FORM.. A CUTENESS WATERSHED..

The THE DECADENT PERIOD BEGINS WITH THE POST-NUCLEAR, "TWIST-O-RAMA" STYLE SO POPULAR WITH LARGE CORPORATIONS--

The "PSYCHO-CUTENESS" MADE ITS DEBUT IN THE SEVENTIES, PERHAPS AS A DELAYED RESPONSE TO THE MANSON SLAYINGS-



The ALL STYLE WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, THE 'EIGHTIES AT LAST GAVE CUTENESS RESPECTABILITY.. THIS PIG WILL SOON RULE OUR COUNTRY!!


YOU'RE NEXT!!
YES, AS HACKNEYED, REPUGNANT AND CLOYING AS IT MIGHT BE, CUTENESS IS A HALLOWED CULTURAL TRADITION.. THOSE RENAISSANCE BOYS MAY HAVE HAD THEIR SISTINE CHAPEL, ZIPPY, BUT WE'VE GOT "L'IL MISS SOFTEE," "CAP'N CRUNCH" & THE "KEEBLER ELF"!!
HOW'S THIS?

I think that might have been true occasionally. When you're doing something long enough, that is a risk. But to me Zippy is so flexible that if I'm repeating myself, I would be repeating myself if I was doing some other character, too. It would be a reflection of my own state of mind. As long as I'm thinking and reacting and interpreting things around me, Zippy will be my vehicle for me to express that stuff. If you look at the strip, especially these days, the other characters have become more important, too. Zippy is a part of a universe. Any strip tends to develop a cast of characters. That's what I've done. So Claude Funston, and Shelf-life, and Mr. Toad, and Griffy, and Vizeen, and Dingy, and all these other characters are all pieces of me. And they can express different points of view. Zippy's isn't the only point of view, although he does have many points of view. Yes, I see myself doing it for years. I see myself in the tradition of Chester Gould or somebody who continues a character for the rest of his life. I don't foresee it not being that way, although I suppose it could change. I could look back on this and see it as a 20-year period that stopped. It's possible. But not in the foreseeable future.

SACCO: *Well, I wish you all the luck in the world.*

GRIFFITH: Well, as long as my hand doesn't fall off, I'll be okay.

ABOVE: A dead-on observation about the mid-'70s. From the *Griffith Observatory* comic. BELOW: More from the same collection. LEFT: From *Are We Having Fun Yet?*

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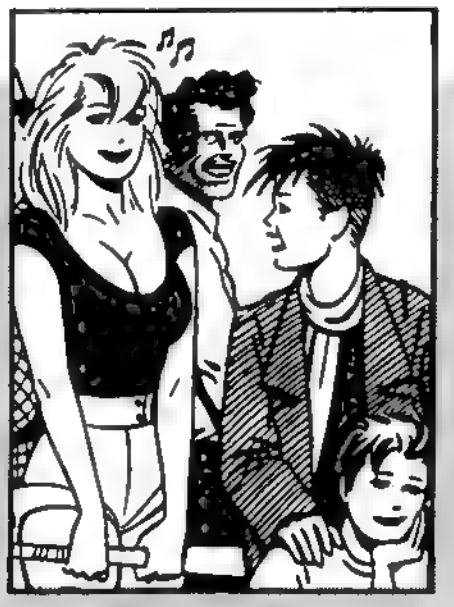
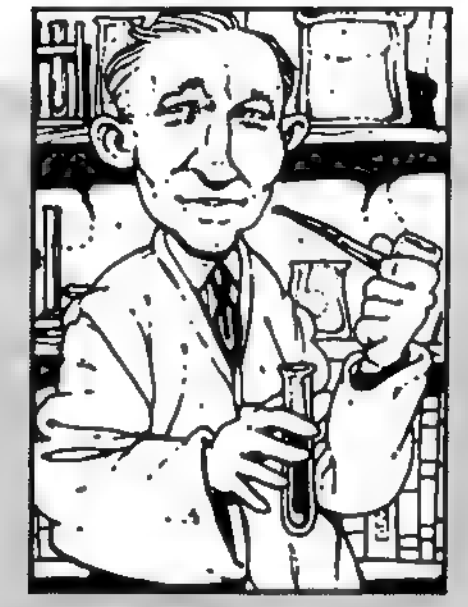
The Best Work
By The Best Cartoonists In The World...

GILBERT HERNANDEZ



JAIME HERNANDEZ



RICK GEARY

FRIEDMAN BROTHERS

STAN SAKAI

E.C. SEGAR

PETER BAGGE

WM. MESSNER-LOEBS

STEVE DITKO

HAL FOSTER

MUNOZ & SAMPAYO

ROBERT CRUMB

From The Best Comics Publisher In The U.S.

At Fantagraphics Books, Comics Isn't A Commodity. It's An Art.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

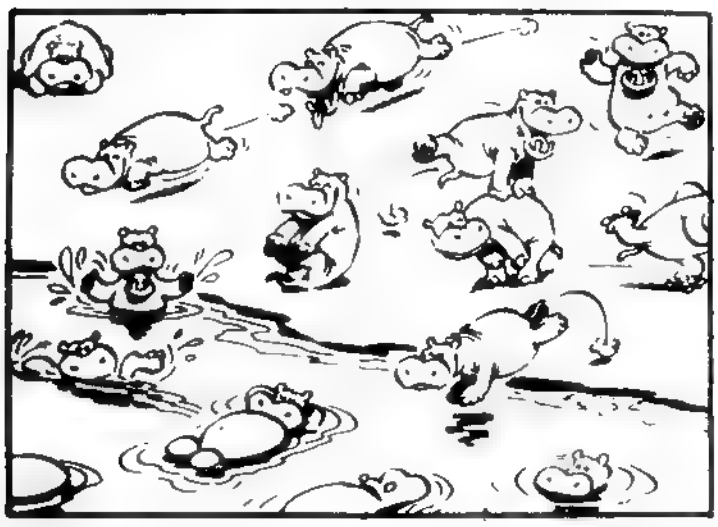
THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM.. THE DRUMS ROLL... THE CURTAIN PARTS.. IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER PERFORMANCE OF *HONK!* ANIMAL THEATER!

.....

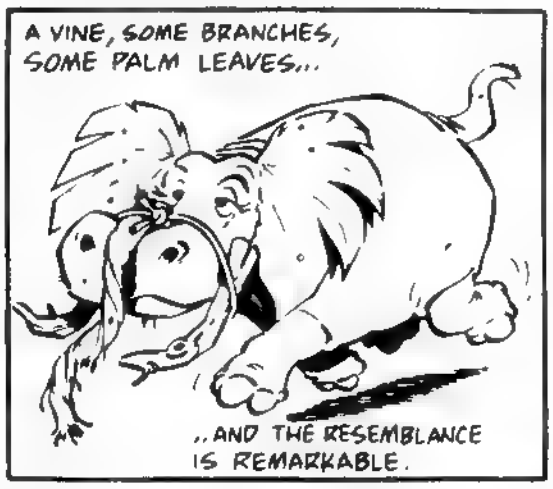
BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM...

HERE WE ARE ONCE AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OF OUR FASCINATING DOCUMENTARIES ABOUT THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.
THESE AREN'T JUST ANY OLD DOCUMENTARIES. YOU MIGHT CALL US "LIFESTYLES OF THE WILD AND FURRY"- WE GO WHERE MARLON PERKINS FEARED TO TREAD!
PTOOEV

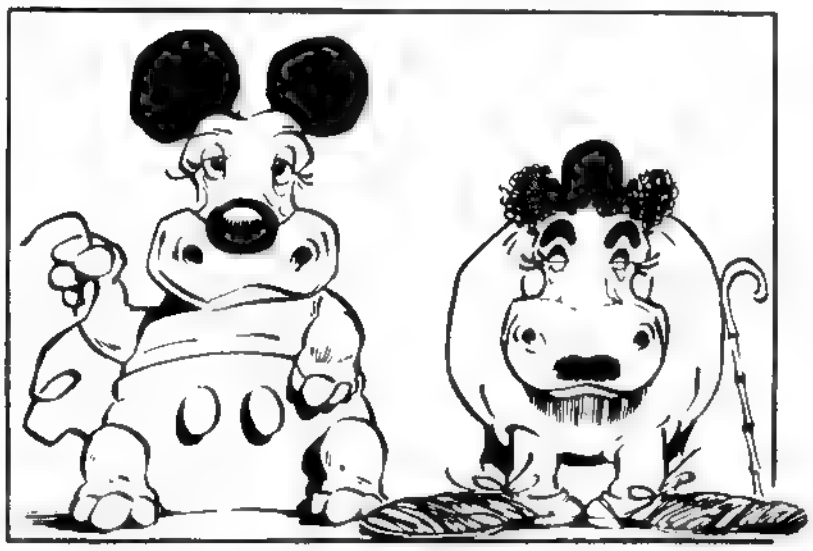
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, TO CALL IT BY ITS PROPER NAME, IS A CHARMING ANIMAL, BY NATURE PLAYFUL AND IMPULSIVE, THAT LOVES TO FROLIC ON THE BANKS OF ITS NATIVE AFRICAN RIVERS.



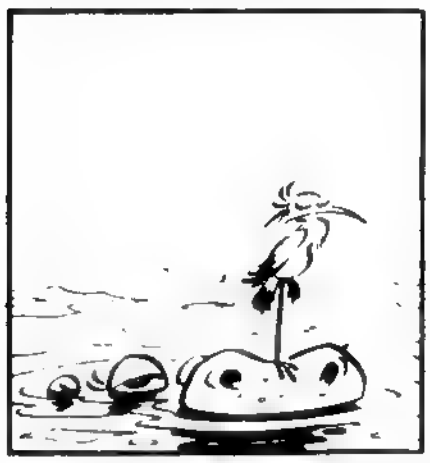
IT IS A PACHYDERM LIKE THE ELEPHANT, AND THE TWO ARE STARTLINGLY SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DRESSES UP LIKE AN ELEPHANT FOR HALLOWEEN.



IT ALSO LOVES TO DISGUISE ITSELF AS A MOUSE OR A MOVIE STAR. HERE, IN MY VIEW, IT IS MAKING A MISTAKE BECAUSE IT DOESN'T FOOL ANYONE.



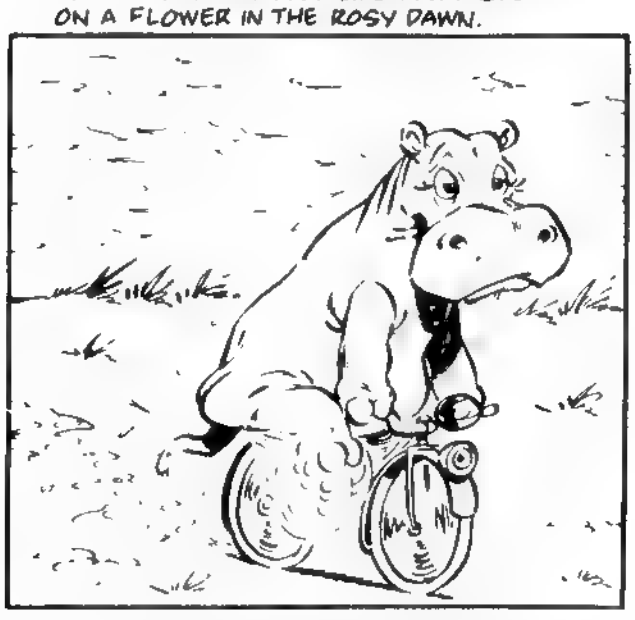
ABOVE ALL, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS AN AQUATIC ANIMAL. IT SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME IN THE WATER, EMERGING ONLY WHEN ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.



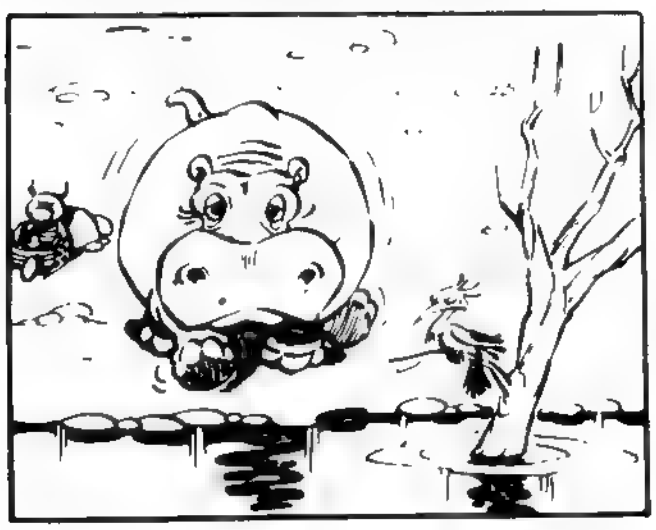
IT HARDLY EVER COMES ON SHORE EXCEPT TO GRAZE ON FIELDS OF FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS, ITS FAVORITE FOOD.

A FASCINATING SPECTACLE, THIS IMPOSING MASS SLOWLY RISING OUT OF THE WATERS LIKE SOME LEGENDARY GODDESS...

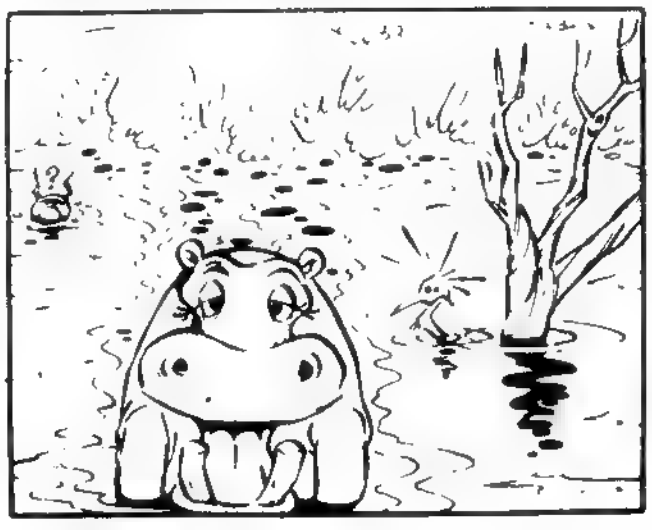
...GLISTENING WETLY LIKE DEW DROPS ON A FLOWER IN THE ROSY DAWN.



BUT THE OPPOSITE SPECTACLE IS NO LESS IMPRESSIVE. NO ONE WHO HAS EVER SEEN A HIPPOPOTAMUS ENTERING THE WATER IS LIKELY TO FORGET IT.

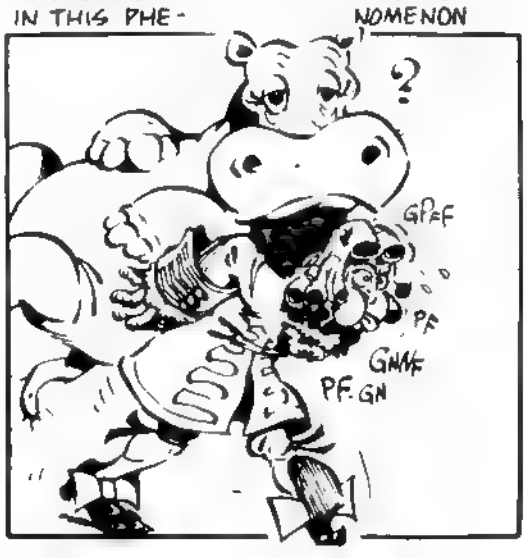


FOR AS AN OLD AFRICAN PROVERB HAS IT, "A HIPPOPOTAMUS PLACED IN A LIQUID DISPLACES A VOLUME OF THAT LIQUID EQUAL TO ITS OWN VOLUME."



THIS RISE IN THE RIVER'S WATER LEVEL EXPANDS IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES UNTIL IT REACHES THE OCEAN, WHERE IT CAUSES THE TIDES. (PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE NONSENSE YOU OCCASIONALLY HEAR THAT THE MOON IS SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE.)

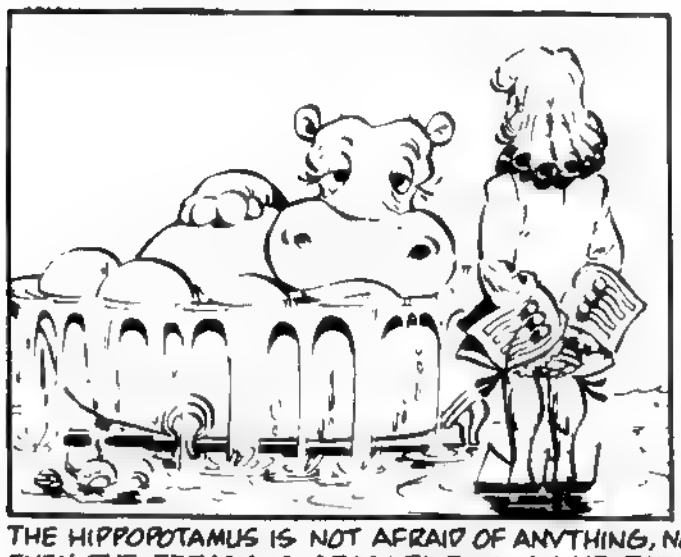
THIS IS THE PLACE FOR THE ANECDOTE FROM THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE, AN OBSCURE SCIENTIST NAMED THOMAS EDISON TOOK AN INTEREST IN THIS PHENOMENON



Translated by DWIGHT R DECKER, lettered by GARY FIELDS

by GOTLIB

AT HOME, THE SCIENTIST PLACED THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN HIS BATHTUB. IN SO DOING, HE NOTICED THAT THE PRESSURE OF THE STEAM LIFTED THE LID.



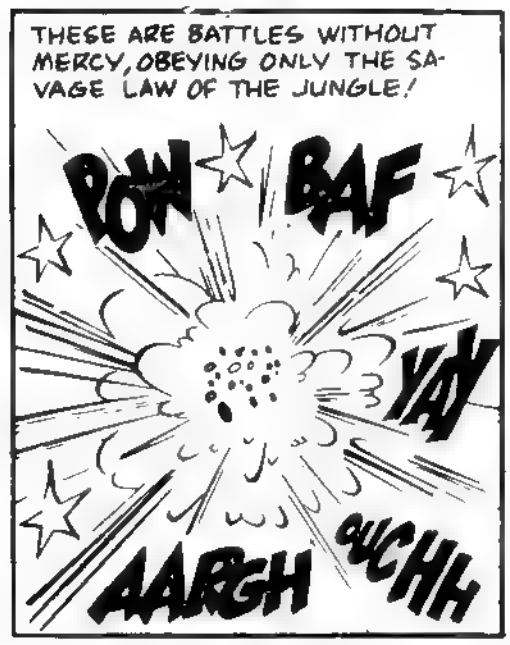
STRUCK BY THIS REVELATION, HE UTTERED A PHRASE THAT HAS SINCE BECOME IMMORTAL: "*BUT IT **DOES** MOVE!*"

AND THAT, BOYS & GIRLS, WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMOUS THEORY OF RELATIVITY (OFTEN WRITTEN "Y=ax+b" FOR SHORT)

...ER... LET ME SEE... NO, I... ONE MOMENT, PLEASE. HMM, I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN MY NOTES A LITTLE MIXED... WELL, IN ANY CASE, DISREGARD WHAT I JUST SAID. THERE HAS BEEN A SLIGHT MISTAKE...

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING, NOT EVEN THE FEROCIOUS CROCODILE, WHICH HE DOES NOT HESITATE TO ATTACK WHEN IT ENCROACHES ON HIS TERRITORY.

THESE ARE BATTLES WITHOUT MERCY, OBEYING ONLY THE SAVAGE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!



BATTLES FROM WHICH THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GENERALLY EMERGES VICTORIOUS.

BUT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DOES HAVE A FEW ENEMIES

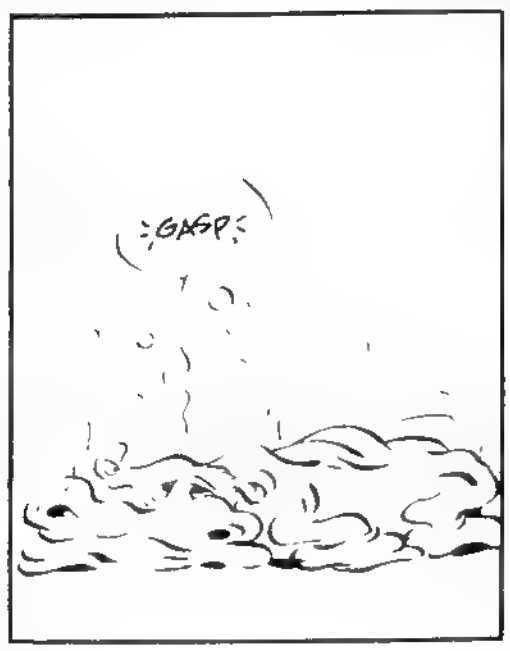
DROUGHT, FOR EXAMPLE.

BECAUSE DROUGHT MEANS LACK OF VEGETATION. AND LACK OF VEGETATION MEANS LACK OF NOURISHMENT. AND LACK OF NOURISHMENT MEANS SLOW STARVATION. SUCH IS THE SAD END FOR ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEST CREATIONS.

ANOTHER ENEMY IS MAN. MANY SPORTSMEN CONSIDER A HIPPOPOTAMUS-SKIN RUG A SPLENDID TROPHY. (HOWEVER, IT MUST BE CONCEDED THAT FOR SIMPLE COMFORT, A BEAR SKIN IS PROBABLY SUPERIOR.)

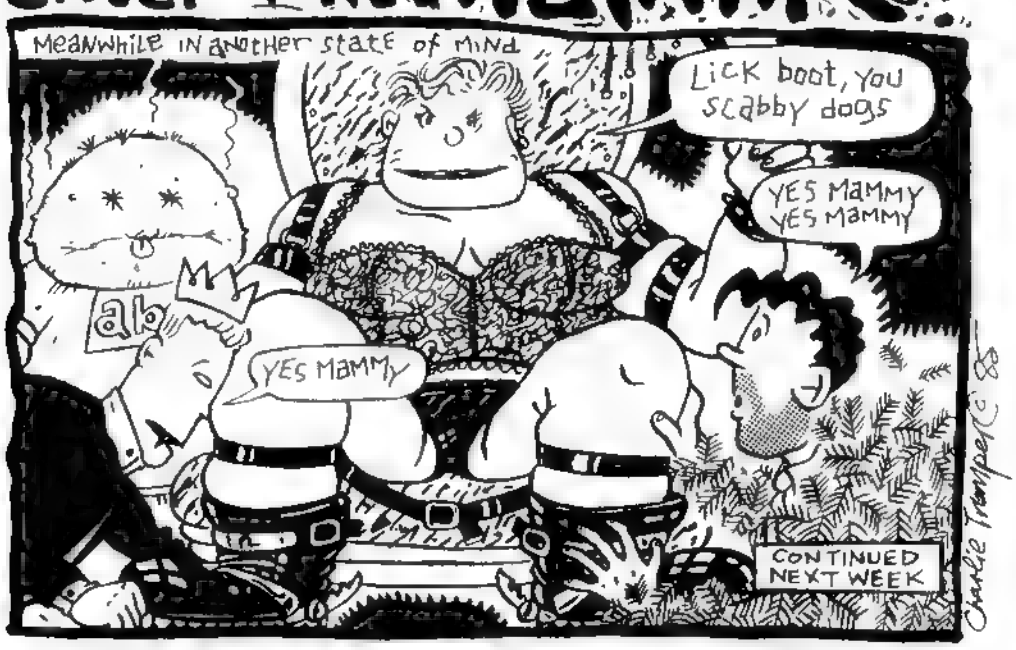
BUT THE GREATEST DANGER THE HIPPOPOTAMUS FACES IS THE SCORPION.

IT ISN'T SO MUCH BECAUSE OF THE VENOM, HOWEVER...



BUT WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM A TIRE REPAIR KIT AND A NEW COAT OF PAINT... WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHERE THEY GET THE INFLATABLE BEACH TOYS WE HAVE SO MUCH FUN WITH ON OUR SUMMER VACATIONS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

enter the MAMMY!



Hello to Mammies everywhere! Here is Charlie Trumper's tribute to Motherhood !!
What do you do after you've destroyed the world? Well, the story of the MAMMY is what followed Rodney's cataclysmic deed running straight across a tabloid page in SOUNDS, a British rock newspaper, every week — (for Rodney, see HONKS 1 and 2) — The legendary Charlie Trumper, as you know, was Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell, who developed a keen rapport during a lot of small press cartoonery in the early '80s and got a knack for doing each other's work, so that Eddie had written and drawn six of these before Phil came in as artist, with Eddie still writing, lettering and doing the marginal gags and Eddie came back in on inking for a batch of four while Phil pencilled from bed, where he had sprained his back. How the injury came about remains to this day unexplained ——

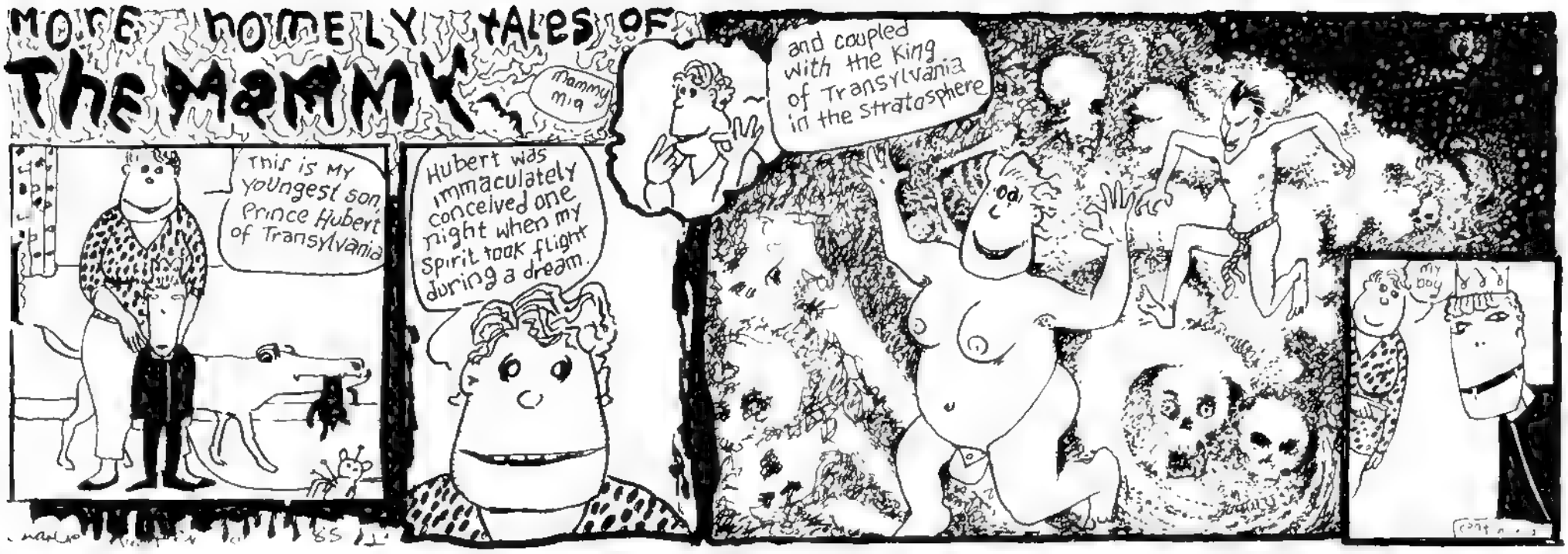
The horouloige Professor Boom B.O.LLO, B.Ap., G.R.U.

The MAMMY
NEW
Soap
OPERA
STARTS SOON
READ IT NOW
BLA
BRITAIN
SECOND
RENTED WOM
It's terrible! It shouldn't be allowed — surrogate motherhood — there's no telling if the parents are suitable
BLAH
These things should be brought under control - The parents should be vetted by the authorities
The commerciality is appalling!!
It is an offense to motherhood and the normal family upbringing of our British way of life!
I agree mam
TRIF
blub
BASKERVILLE
© 85 Charlie Trumper

The Mammy
THIS WEEK - INTRODUCING
THE MAMMY'S BOYS
glad She ain't mine
I'm so proud of my boys
This is the eldest
His name's Lucifer - He believes he's a reincarnation of the Fallen Angel of biblical fame
I like to play along with his little game
Mam, I got the bread on the way home like you said but I accidentally turned them into stones
why?
So I could use 'em to tempt the vicar
You got it the wrong way round!! You bin miss'in Sunday school again Haven't you!!
no, mam, no, I'll turn them back again, honest
Charlie Trumper

The Mammy
AND HER HORRENDOUS OFFSPRING
This is my second son Blobber
Poor little Blob was dropped on his head as an embryo
Some mammies do have 'em
I had an operation during pregnancy and they forget to put him back
Ma! Blobber's shit himself
oh not again
I'll just clean him up
turn te dam
my boy
I'm not even a nephew
©85 Charlie Trumper
abc

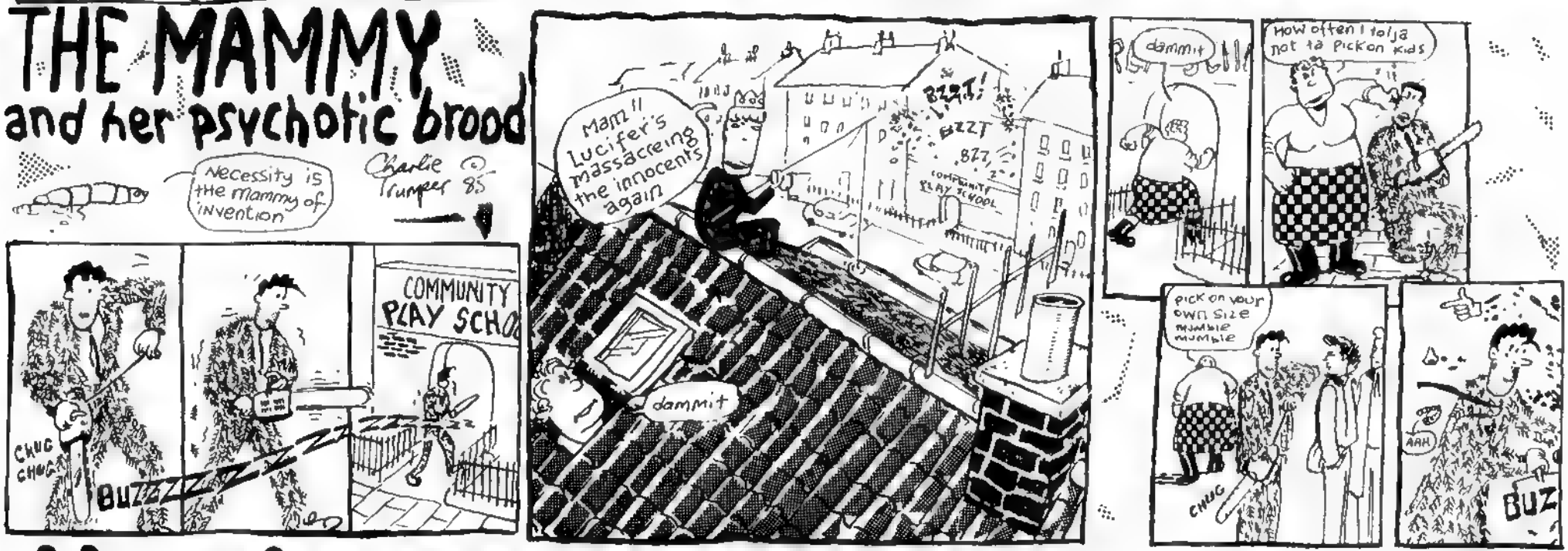
MORE HOMELY TALES OF THE MAMMY


Mammy mia
This is my youngest son, Prince Hubert of Transylvania
Hubert was immaculately conceived one night when my spirit took flight during a dream.
and coupled with the King of Transylvania in the stratosphere
my boy

THE MAMMY AND HER BOYS PART 5 Lucifer sees a shrink

I come home from work at the factory on a Friday night
Right after tea I have a wash and put on my suit of feathers
Then I go down the club and try to pull the birds
Charlie Trumper
That's me
I only draw this stuff cause I hated my mammy
Symbolic of the wings I lost when I was cast out of heaven
Mammy we're all crazy now
You're suffering from delusions of adequacy
I cant even tempt them
continued

THE MAMMY and her psychotic brood



the MAMMY Maternal Solicitude

Mammy loved the flower
©85 Charlie Trumper
There are MY boys— Lucifer is luring the neighbourhood kids into the evils of ketchup abuse
and there's little Hubert— impaling his rag-dolls
Sigh.. and my beloved Blobber —he's just shit himself again—
Blobber
I wonder how they'll react when I tell them they'll be having a little brother... the test is positive!!
URINE SAMPLE
Kootchy-Coo

The Mammy

Morning sickness

The Mammy A Birth

The Mammy is in the Delivery Room
MATERNITY WARD
DELIVERY ROOM
I have bad news — it was only a phantom pregnancy
DEAD
Dead Dead and never called me Mammy
You're outta line, Spook. — Get back in this room!!
MMMph!
©Charlie Trumper 85

the Mammy

The vicar has come to arrange the christening of the Mammy's latest offspring
More tea, vicar?
Get back in your cradle, Spook!!
Oh, it.. it's alright... don't scold the child too harshly on my account.
sigh~ anyone who likes kids and animals can't be all bad-
n nice doggie n nice doggie..
©Charlie Trumper '85

The Mammy

Each Christmas I think this year those fatarses at the top of this country will shape up and condescend to make life a little better.
Meanwhile~
Come on, Hubert~ We've dressed Blobber up as Santa Claus— Now We'll shove him down the chimney....
Mammy will get such a surprise.
Hold on a minute~ did you remember to attach Blobber's Incontinence bag?
No~ I thought You did it!
Splub!
But this year It's just the same old shit~
SPLURB!
PLUP!
RAIN
LOOKS MORE LIKE SNOW TO ME
RUDOLF THE RED KNOWS RAIN, DEAR
Charlie© Trumper '85

the Mammy ~and her boys

Ah, BASKERVILLE—how little you KNOW of HUMAN PROBLEMS— I HAVE STOLEN MY MOTHER'S HANDBAG SO THAT I MAY HAVE A GOOD AND PROPER PISS-UP THIS NEW YEAR'S

..But NOW MY CONSCIENCE is bothering ME—IF ONLY I had NOT sold it—a good CROCODILE LEATHER it WAS

BASKERVILLE, You are such a faithful friend—

PING!

LICK!

RIP!

TEAR

REND!

TWO WRONGS don't make a right, but they keep the heat off for a while—

SEW!

SEW!

THE MAMMY and Her boys

As it must one day come to us all, today it comes to LUCIFER..

Oh now I love my work—every day welding AND rivetting all these bits of metal—

..doing my bit to turn the wheels of INDUSTRY that are carrying BRITAIN into the brave NEW WORLD..

You're redundant, pal—collect your P45 on the way out..

He was not of Mammy born - but from the womb untimely torn :me=

Wille ShakesBeer→

OFFICE

—HI—

BZZZZ

Charlie Trumper©85

CRASH!

FICE

HELP!

AAIEE get him out!

Next week : Lucifer claims benefit

the MAMMY and her hopeless offspring....

Every Mammy's Son should read this

← SHE HERSELF

Lucifer claims benefit and finds it quite disheartening

this is quite disheartening

Ticket currently receiving attention

Lucifers ticket

496

Four hundred and Eighty-four people to be seen before me—I'll be here all week—

D.H.S.S

I think you need help, mate—

You mean you can get me a job?

Good Lord no, mate—but I can sell you a better ticket—HOW about No.17 for £3.. or the 60s are on special offer ONLY 75p each

Charlie Trumper©86

The MAMMY

featuring her useless offspring-Lucifer...

WANTED

WANTED

He was a good boy who got in with bad company

No, HARRY, MY MAMMY DIDN'T BRING ME UP TO PISS MY LIFE AWAY ON THE DOLE I'M GOING TO GO OUT INTO THE WORLD AND DEMAND FAIR TREATMENT!!

D.H.S.S

Lucifer

Harry Beaulocks, the ticket-tout—

A JOB, I will say! GIVE ME ONE NOW!

I'LL TAKE ANY ONE!!

..I'll do it for Y.O.P. wages

I'll push your pram for a fag-end.

R. Sokes '86

THE MAMMY — TEMPTATION —

AND HER NASTY BROOD

Sure you can get a job ~ but WHY Not take the dole money too ~ WHO's to know ?
You mean.. Lie and cheat?
um.. yeah.. like right now you could be clearing tables ... washing glasses.
I must Return to HeAdquarters now... the expense account does not run to More than half-a-pint
Watch this man
WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS ?? STRANGER ??
WHO gives a Shit
©Charlie Trumper 86

THE MAMMY and her rotten boys

THE CONTINUING STORY OF THE MAMMY !!

THIS WEEK - THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT THE Mysterious Stranger ~

Well it Was good JeANNie, but NOW I MUST go to WORK..
?
What ? at this time ?! In those old clothes? what KIND of work do YOU do ?!
Mammy Superior
Bless You
I'm an INvestigater FOR the Social Security and I've got You dead to rights — Section 4,001, para 26 — CLAIMING benefit while cohabiting with a working male!
Sob! Paul, HOW CAN you do this to me, YOUR OWN fiancée
THERE is nothing that PAUL HOOPER WILL NOT stoop to IN THE COURSE of His duty -
©Charlie Trumper 86

Introducing PAUL HOOPER THE DOLE SNOOPER

THE MAMMY

with - PAUL HOOPER, THE DOLE SNOOPER.

I don't get a look in any more
THE MAMMY in case you forgot
Lucifer has resolved to cheat on the social Security —
WANTED PART-TIME GLASS COLLECTOR
PUBLIC BAR
ANTED -TIME GLASS LECTOR
Hmmm..
But Paul HooPER doES NOT tRaCK LuciferdOWN this week as He HAS oTHER BUSINESS At HeATHrOW AiRPort
DAMN. That the AI.NI bASTArd S ON HiS WAY to MiAMi ON tHE proceeds of his fRaud . aNd I CAN't eJEN affORD Blackpool

I always get my man
PAUL HOOPER THIS WEEK INTERVIEWED BY OUR INTREPID CARTOONIST CHARLIE TRUMPER !!!
PAUL HOOPER DOLE SNOOPER
Paul.. perhaps YOU CAN TALK US tHROUGH your COLLECTION of trophies
Yes! tHis is the helmet of a cRaNedRiver I WRestled with 50 feet above tHe GROUND to extract a confession that He was in gainful employment ~
THIS IS a giROCHEQUE fROM tHE STOMACH of A CULPRIT WHO tRIED to SWALLOW tHE evidence
How did you obtain it ?
I PUNCHed him in tHe belly UNTIL He tHREW up...
THIS IS tHE CAMERA bELONGING to tHE CLAIMANTS UNION ~
You .uh. ruINed their camera ?
SURE! tHE bastards were spying on me!
©Charlie Trumper '86

PAUL HOOPER DOLE SNOOPER

How do I get to York Rd.

That's not my department - I'll put you through to another extension

Lucifer is in receipt of unemployment Benefits - He's also on his way to work -

Unknown to him, Paul Hooper is tailing him!

An, the Bus

He's going for it

Wait A minute! a free Newspaper!

oh dear.. he's letting the bus go

©Charlie Trumper '86

You'll Never catch it, Mate

NEIGHBOURHOOD TRIP

You a right mate?

YEP

You win some you lose some

PAUL HOOPER DOLE SNOOPER

My benefit's not ending as I want to, I'll appeal

You don't appeal to me

Lucifer on the fiddle ~

Paul Hooper

Well thanks for Helping out, Lucifer ~Here's some dosh

No, Paddy.. I am suspicious of YON FELLOW - pay me in KIND ~

©Charlie Trumper 86

Here's some beer as a gift from an old friend

CLINK!

This is going to be a tricky one

LATER

He's got to come BACK FOR the deposits ON the bottles

5p + 5p + 5p + 5p

CLINK CLINK CLINK

to be continued

PAUL HOOPER DOLE SNOOPER

You lazy bums, I've got to work for my money

That's one pound twenty pee.. see you again tomorrow ~

Oh yes, Paddy, if the thirst takes me

Payment for work done while claiming dole ~

AHa!! Got him dead to rights.. wages Have been seen to be PAID !!

But wait! I will Not Nab him NOW - I will follow him home ~ I feel confident tonight I Paul Hooper the Dole Snooper am on a lucky streak - I will let this bozo lead me to a veritable nest of vipers collaborators and milk token forgers ~

LATER, AT A DECREPIT COUNCIL HOUSE..

Ah home sweet home

HYA

the FAMILY's back..

about time too

©Charlie Trumper '86

Sigh It's good to Be home and with money in my pocket once again ~ BACK in the bosom of my family ~ with pride intact...

WHY, that's WONDERFUL, Lucifer

Some post arrived - Looks Like an unemployment girocheque, You're not going to cash it I hope, Now you've got a job ~

No, Mam

LATER -

Now, where did she hide that giro -?

OH! — It's in Blobber's commode - How devious !!

Paul Hooper, Dole snooper

An! He takes possession of it again

TO BE CONTINUED....

Boo- where did you get this giro?

POST OFFICE

I won it in a crap game

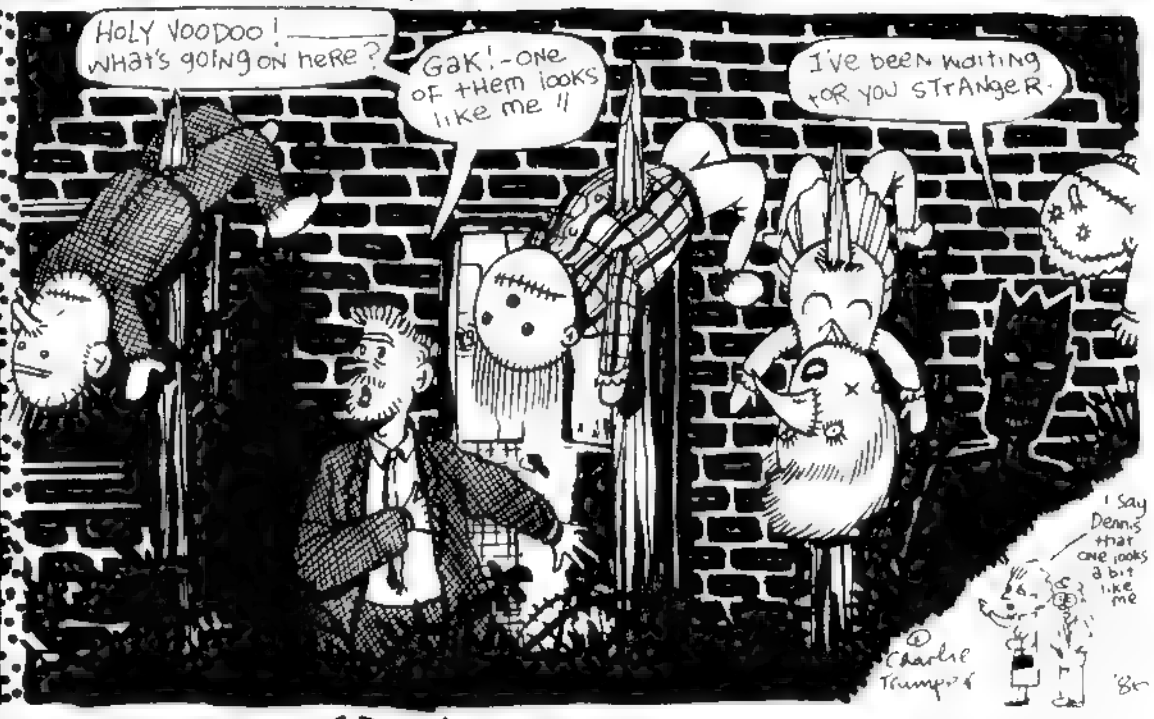
the MAMMY - "those homely Sunday Dinners"

PUBLIC NOTICE

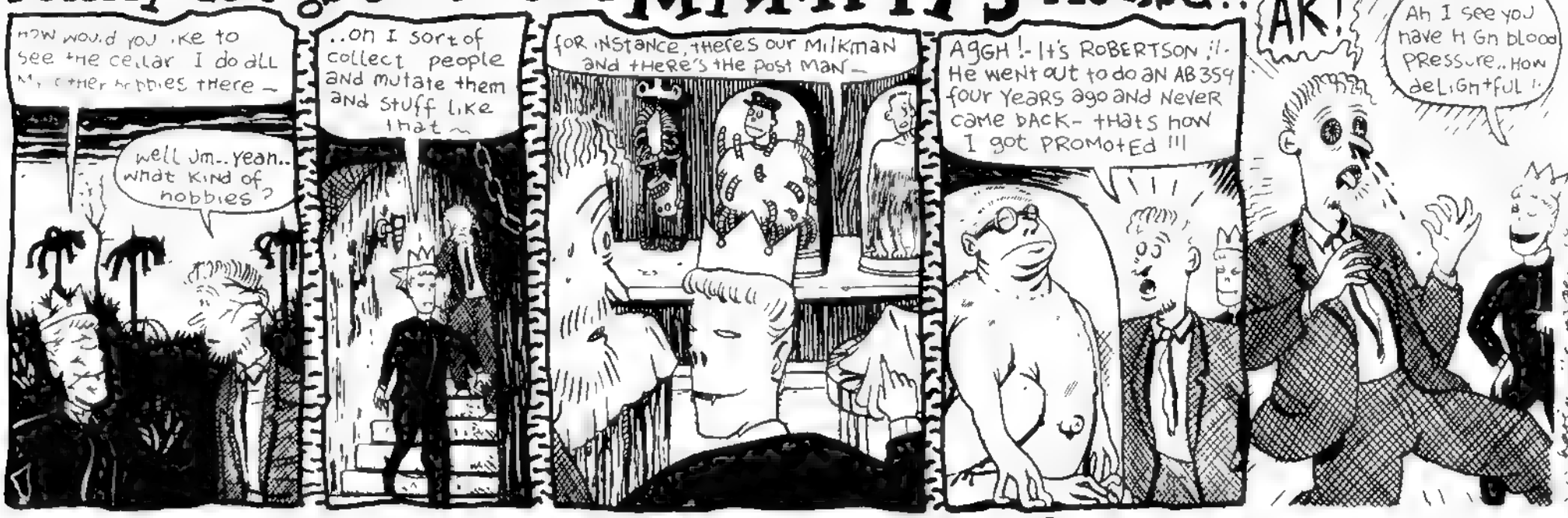
AT DINNER TONIGHT LOOK AROUND YOUR TABLE — THEM DOLE SNOOPERS ARE VERY SNEAKY!!

The MAMMY ... and other Suburban HORRORS

Expenses Record:
1.a. overtime:
I have successfully entered the suspects house - I am proceeding with my investigation
1.b means very expensive
:click!
Heh heh ~ I might as well rob the old expense account
Now to check the garden -
Kippers

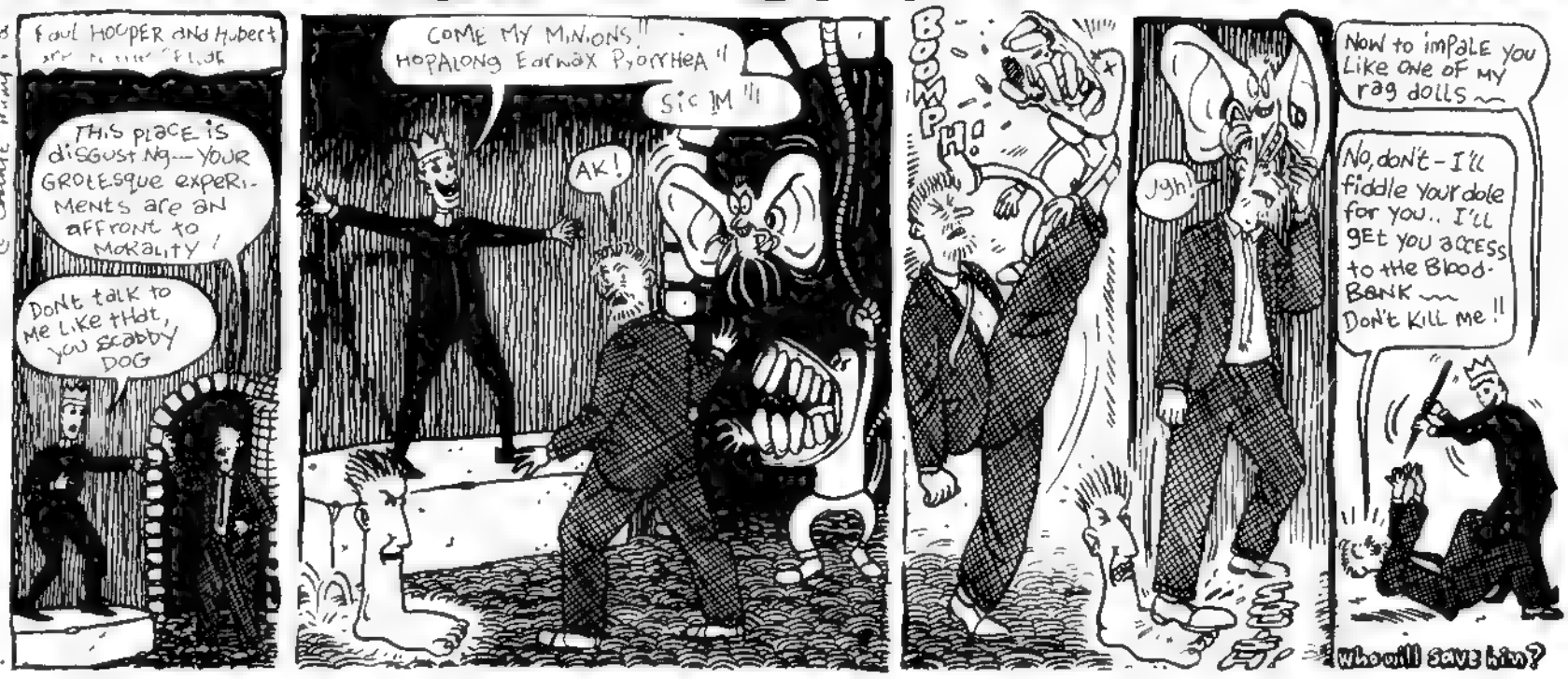

Holy Voodoo! What's going on here?
Gak! - one of them looks like me !!
I've been waiting for you stranger
I say Dennis that one looks a bit like me
© Charlie Trumper '86

funny Goings-on at the MAMMY'S House...


How would you like to see the cellar I do all my other hobbies there -
Well Jim.. yeah.. what kind of hobbies?
..on I sort of collect people and mutate them and stuff like that ~
for instance, there's our Milkman and there's the Post Man -
Aggh! - It's Robertson !! He went out to do an AB 359 four years ago and never came back - thats how I got promoted !!!
AK!
Ah I see you have High blood pressure.. How delightful!

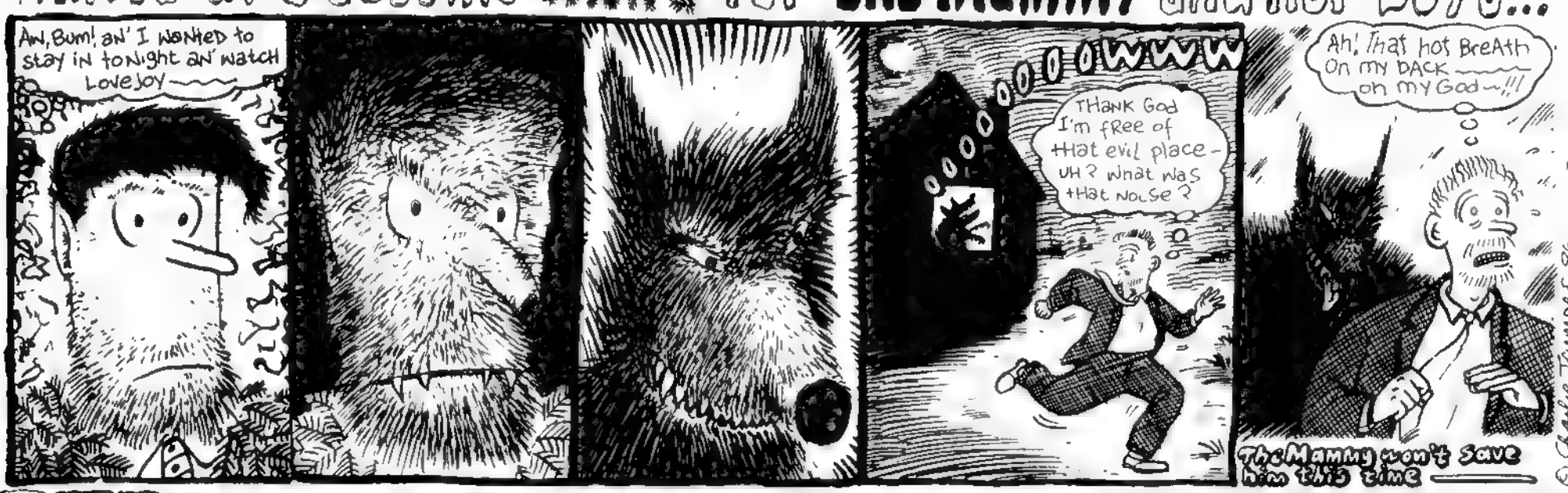
'in the MAMMY'S House!!

featuring Paul Hooper the Dole Snooper & Mammy's 'orrible offspring — Hubert...


Paul Hooper and Hubert
This place is disgusting — your grotesque experiments are an affront to morality!
Don't talk to me like that, you scabby dog
Come my minions!! Hopalong Earwax Pyorrhea !!
Sic 'im !!!
AK!
BOOMPH!
Ugh!
Now to impale you like one of my rag dolls ~
No, don't - I'll fiddle your dole for you.. I'll get you access to the Blood-Bank ~ Don't kill me !!
Who will save him?

The Mammy to the Rescue!!

Things are getting hairy for the Mammy and her boys...



BEAST AT BAY!!

NIGHT-HUNTING: infra-red goggles, the latest IN hunt subterfuge -
Ah! We have the Bounder at last - Tally-Ho!!
what a stroke of luck -!
AGG! It's the old Mellonians!

THE MAMMY VS THE MERTON MOWBRAY HUNTING ASSOCIATION

THE MAMMY

My poor little family. We have been so abused but we stick together, don't we

Meanwhile...

We go in tonight, boys -- It's time to rid the world of that woman and her evil spawn!!!

Charlie Trumper

They're coming after THE MAMMY!

Chugga Chugga Chugga Chug

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

EEEEE!! A SQUAD of Peeping THOMASES

THE MAMMY'S BEDROOM

THE MAMMY...

NIBBLE LEAD you SCABBY DOGS!!!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

AK!

Lemme away from HER she'll kill us all!

What's GOING ON??

BLAM BLAM

OOF!

abc

AG!

BLAM BLAM

Ah-Ha

Come Back, Lucifer

COWARDS RUN in this family!

Charlie Trumper ©86

The Mammy's Brood are in a tight spot!

THE SAS contingent of the DEPARTMENT of Health and Social Security has attacked

THE battle rages...

We've got the spook in the dehydrator

BLAM BLAM

Lucifer legs it down to the CELLAR——

Ah! I'LL hide IN HUBERT'S coffin-

Gosh, HUBERT'S such a short-arse.

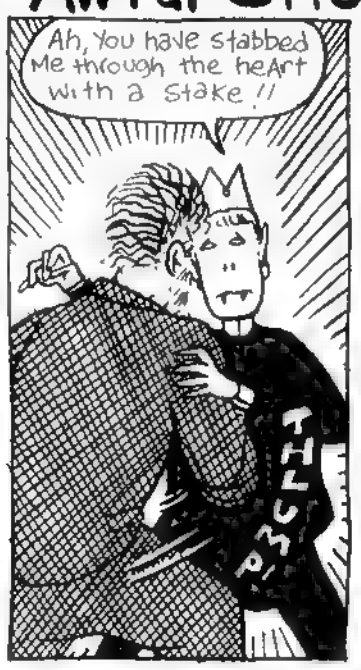
Paul Hooper the Dole Snooper corners his mortal enemy, Prince Hubert of Transylvania——

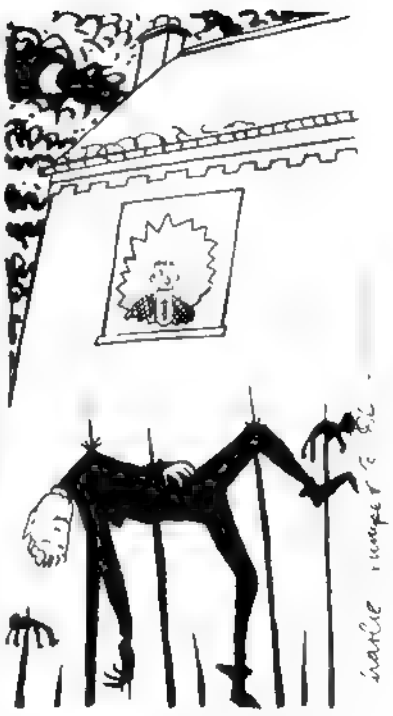
Stop, you little vampire Now you meet your end

SHRUNCH!

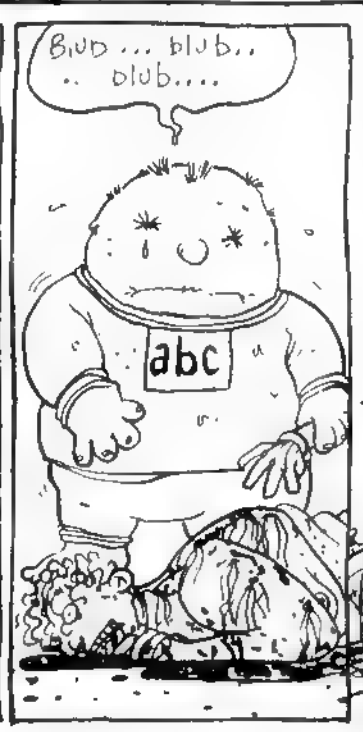
SSSSSS

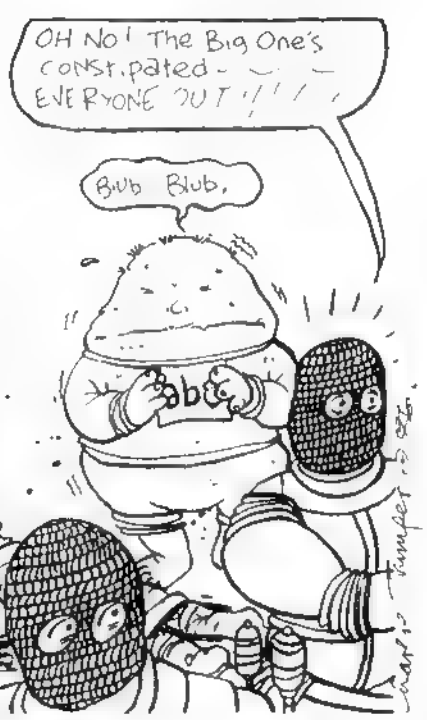
THE MAMMY and her Awful Offspring

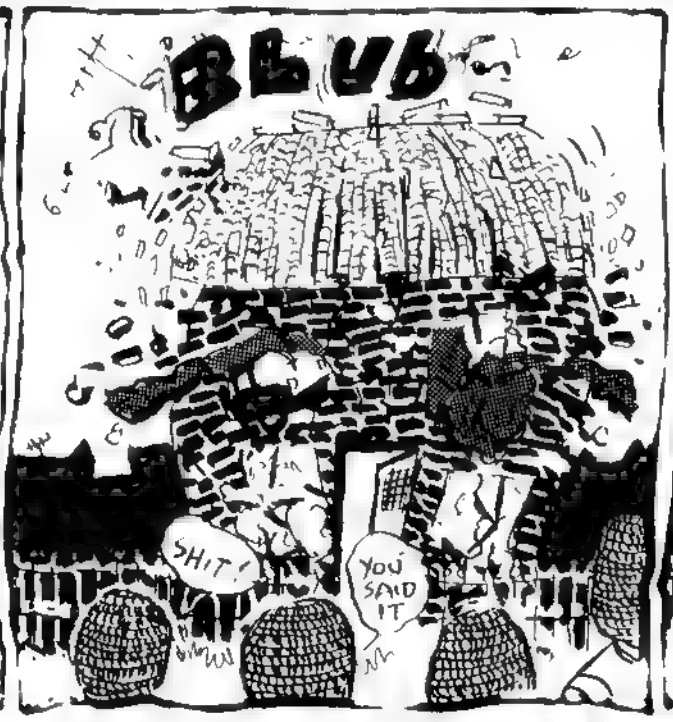


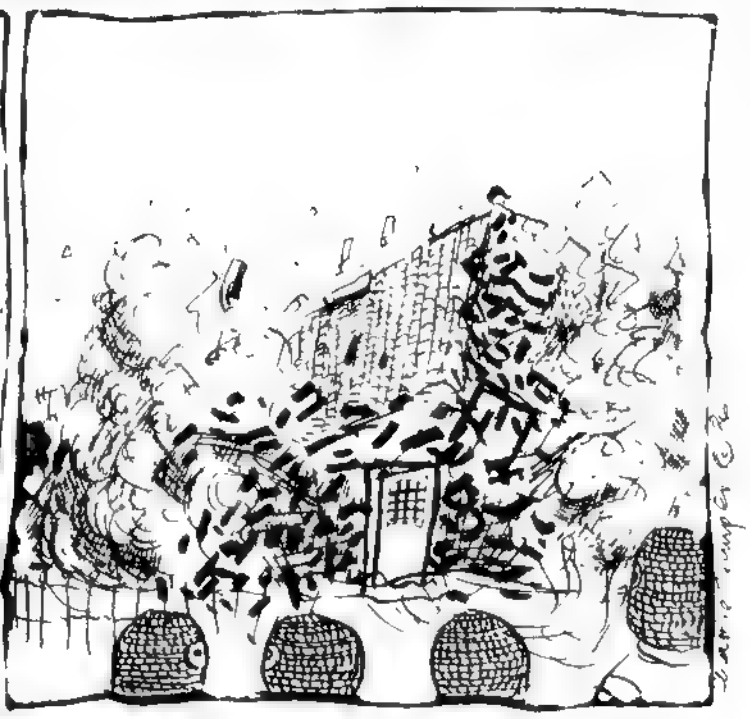


THE MAMMY'S LAST STAND









The MAMMY'S Dead..

WOW! AN EGG! LOOKIT! LOOKIT!

OH, BUT JUST HOW SHALL I COOK IT?

LET'S SEE... HMM. FRIED IS NICE. SO IS BOILED.

COME ON MIND... THINK! I WON'T BE FOILED!

POACHED PERHAPS, OR ONE MADE WITH CHEESE.

SOMETHING GREAT AND CREATED WITH EASE.

YUMMY! YUMMY! IT JUST HAS TO BE GREAT!..

SO I CAN TELL ALL ABOUT WHAT I ATE!

I THINK I KNOW! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

MY SPECIAL DISH WILL BE...

...OH SHIT.

GULP, CHEW, TEAR, EAT AND REND.

THAT IS ALL. THAT IS THE END.

1-97

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JIM SHOOTER UNDER OATH:

"*[The Comics Journal]* is probably the most widely read and influential publication we have as an industry. I think that almost all the professionals that I am aware of read it. . .Even those that don't [read it] can't help but hear about it. . .The day after *The Comics Journal* comes out there is a lot of talk around the office about what was said and by whom. . .*[The Comics Journal]* is widely read, widely discussed, and it has the ear of the industry."

— Jim Shooter in deposition, Dec. 13, 1984 —

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PREVIEWS:

***Journal* #115 is our "Special Trial Issue," in which we're publishing excerpts from the testimony given at the infamous Michael Fleisher-*Journal* trial, including all Jim Shooter's testimony against the *Journal*. Future issues include interviews with Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons on *The Watchmen*; French fantasist Moebius; Dave Stevens; Mickey Mouse cartoonist Floyd Gottfredson; Harvey Kurtzman; Jack Davis; Sergio Aragones; Jean-Claude Mezieres, the illustrator of the popular French series, *Valerian*; and pioneer cartoonist Robert Crumb.**

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Introduction by Rick Marschall
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NO MATTER WHAT YA SAYS I YAM— I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
Prince Valiant
Vol. 26

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